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THE MEMOIRS
OF
A CAMBRIDGE CHORISTER.

VOL. II.



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THE MEMOIRS
OF
A CAMBRIDGE CHORISTER

BY
WILLIAM GLOVER

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
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THE MEMOIRS
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Education of Women—Extremes—Dante and Beatrice—
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'Design'—'Direction' Unseen by Us.

WE return to a course of sober reasoning.
Doubtless women were treated formerly more
like dolls than thinking, responsible creatures

but we seem to be in danger of running to another extreme. The idea of actual rivalry is absurd. We at once concede, in perfect earnestness, that women are our superiors—in goodness, temperance, and many other virtues.

Still, while gifted, wavering, sinning, and repenting Dante cannot imitate the many virtues of his Beatrice, she, on her part, cannot write his grand and comprehensive poetry. Her sisters never have so written, and probably will never succeed in such a task. What are the characteristics of De Stäel and Dacier?

They handle the works of men, exhibit them in every light, and, with their wondrous ‘wheel’ of fancy, they grind down man’s rough diamonds, and show the hundred faces of a critically polished stone; and all this with such brilliant success that at first sight we seem to identify the ‘jeweller’ with the jewel and its scientific maker.

No more dazzling ‘jewellers’ ever lived than De Stäel and Dacier, yet, when the chaff is driven before the wind, how many genuine, original grains of truth are really added to the

existing mass? Prism-like, our female critics seem to absorb the colours around them, while they are colourless themselves. We have been so used to hide the truth or overlay it with our so-called gallant flattery that its honest face is seldom recognised, and, when occasionally seen, it is rarely approved of. It may be so in the present case.

I say nothing against the soundest education of women and their earnest study of important scientific truths. I speak chiefly of excess and the evil of inviting direct competition with men in the highest walks. In this unequal combat they are sure to fail.

The home instructors of our youth should be themselves instructed without a doubt; but, owing to our neglect or reticence, we have certainly hastened a crisis which is fast approaching, if it be not intercepted by timely precaution, when two lecturers will be needed on scientific subjects, one for men and another for women. Few greater subjects could be presented to our notice.

While I do not advocate abrupt enlighten-

ment, it is clear that the unequal knowledge possessed by the two sexes must result, according to our present system of cowardly inactivity, in a home disease, soon spreading to an evil of national dimensions. It is consoling to know that, while we play this Pyramus and Thisbe game with all due gravity, and swear the veil between us is a solid wall, women consult with each other, and come to our conclusions without our special knowledge. This is a fact very generally and innocently lost sight of.

Therefore I say, by all means educate your national home-instructors by all earnest and reasonable means, but do not invite them to measure themselves with men of the highest intellectual calibre, or the result will be to place women in the world's opinion lower than they really are.

You may number the really great women, so-called, on your fingers, yet, on analysis, you will find that even they have been generally helpers, useful critics, polishers, unwearied secretaries, brilliant imitators, guardian-angels if you will, but yet rarely adding one great original volume to the vast library of scientific discovery.

The case is clearly demonstrable. Take the example of loving sister Mendelssohn. Her graceful, shrinking modesty forbade her to publish her small pieces, except under the shield of her greater brother's name. We are certain, from that brother's scrupulous character, that no important contributions were made by her, but merely such smaller efforts as could appear, almost unperceived, among his thousand productions.

In certain departments of music also, women have been, either by design or through reticence, taught a grievous falsehood. Few readers may have ever seen before what they now read on this candid page, that, even in various branches of instrumental art, women can never approach the performances of men, until they can equal them in batting, boating, bar-throwing, and felling trees; a consummation not devoutly to be wished by those who love them best, and who honour their many gracious virtues, and their special, high endowments.

The question is not one of female despair and hopeless failure, but of careful selection, and

well-guided efforts in their various artistic walks. For instance, on the violin, the stronger fingers are chiefly used. Here women can succeed to a gratifying extent ; but on the piano, no woman can really play a general *round* of classical pieces, unless these compositions are most carefully selected, because the finger rule is exactly reversed.

In the great classical pianoforte school, the melody is given to the weaker fingers, which must possess something like a workman's strength to render the theme all-powerful and prominent ; while the strong fingers, by 'topsy-turvy' rule, are reduced to quite a subordinate condition. Such is the stringent law in music which divides men from women.

Certainly a limited number of compositions may be found, written by great composers, containing but a few examples of this prominent melodic form, and consisting mostly of brilliant, equal passages ; and, where such forms do exist, they must be judiciously selected for the female performer's public use, while she still endeavours privately to overcome, to a certain degree, this

great and inherent weakness, which is part of her very nature.

By way of parenthesis, I may be allowed to say that I am alarmed by certain reports, concerning prizes to be offered in a most dangerous and exciting competition among telegraph clerks. Encourage steady application, if you will, and reward it after due observation, but avoid as a consuming plague these particular ‘trials of skill.’

Are not our authorities aware that these clerks, and also musicians, are specially liable to finger paralysis? The more sensitive telegraphists use first one finger, then another; then they employ two and three fingers, and at last the entire hand; so exhausting is this oft-repeated operation. Public reports have appeared of this calamity.

Czerny and many other musicians, including, I believe, Schumann, ‘crooked’ their fingers by incessant overwork. Many cases have been noted in England, and are well known to artists.

Let us hope to hear no more of this unhealthy

and destructive public competition. I return to my principal subject.

If a great composer should arise, and endeavour to reverse the present system, in a number of good examples, then women would approach nearer to the masculine standard than they do at present. I mean the writing of first-rate music, more particularly for women, employing strong fingers for the melody and the weaker ones for accompaniment.

Still this proposed new school would not remove one atom of the stumbling-block remaining in our extensive library of the greatest music, written in the old, unyielding, never-dying style.

Again, if cultivation could have produced lofty female composers from among our women, they have enjoyed endless opportunities for development. Until lately they stood as a hundred to one against males in musical tuition. And this broadcast cultivation is the only true test, in my opinion. Nature seems to spurn your partial, stingy educational efforts. She demands a pyramid, as I before remarked, of humbler stones

before you can fix your artistic glass, and view the brilliant though low-lying constellations which are hidden from ordinary eyes. Well, woman has had all these opportunities, assisted by the aid of her learned brethren, yet is it not a warning truth, which should and must be told, that she has never yet added one important volume to the universal library of music.

Therefore I say that, whether as an interpreter or originator, she deserves to know the actual truth, whether that truth be pleasing or painful; a truth that should have been long ago communicated to her, and which will be confirmed by every profound and honest musician.

As a vocalist woman stands very high, but whatever may be her fate in other branches of the musical art, nature distinctly says to her on the piano question, ‘Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,’ whether or not she tries to atone for want of masculine power by *striking* certain blows, instead of *squeezing* prominent notes, as only men can do.

Of course all this refers chiefly to public female performers. No doubt piles of music

exist of a rippling, brilliant kind, which women can execute as well, and sometimes a great deal better, than men; but this style is confined mostly to private circles. In public she must at times attack, at least, great classical pieces, or she will be judged unfavourably; and here, it is evident, she will be compared with men. At home she can enjoy comparative comfort, though she must still be, in piano music, nourished chiefly on inferior food, or interpret the better sort imperfectly.

The ever-watchful Bismarck is said to have divided various nations into male and female races, thus implying that a state, to be successful, should be composed of sterner and more pliable materials. How much more is this theory needed in a family. The man returns to his home laden with business anxieties, and he has no desire to discuss all these details with a female business partner. He is the stronger, and he bears the greater share, hopefully and willingly. He enjoys his gentle partner's conversation, 'rippling and pleasant,' like her music, steering clear of childish frivolity and attempted

profundity. Thus many difficulties are tided over by this happy division of labour and this cheerful contribution of one who, gaily and unconsciously, often alleviates a pain which, knowing, she could only share, and not remove.

Surely in all these relations, at home, in art, in commerce, and high politics, there must be something more than mere chance involved; reflection pointing rather to ‘design,’ and that ‘direction’ which we cannot see.

CHAPTER II.

Heine—His Affectation—Carlyle's Opinion—Locke's Journey—Kant—Metternich's Confession—Kant's Reaching Power—Our Failure—Heine's Scoffing—Goethe on 'Thinking'—Metaphysics—Heine's Imposture—His Impertinence—A Second Goethe—His Poetry—Reputation—Unrequited Love—Comic Rhymes—Lessing—Nathan the Wise—Teutonic Roots—Persecution—Asiatic Forefathers—Burton—Boccaccio—The Three Rings—Quadroon Traditions.

WE might have offered Heine as a secretary to the learned De Stäel party, but it is doubtful whether they would have cared very much for this clever, volatile polisher of other men's diamonds. Carlyle called him by the rough name of 'blackguard.' Perhaps the stern accuser knew more of the bare-faced critic than we do. In any case, we can certainly brand him with the term 'impostor,' as I shall clearly show.

How excited we become when the old matter-of-fact philosopher, Locke, leads us by a silken thread on his tremendous, speculative journeys! He says, in other words: 'Allow a million miles for every minute elapsed since the foundation of the world; then mount your mental chariot, and, when you have traversed this almost infinite space, cannot you put out your arm and reach into still further regions?' Stupendous thought!

Well, how many of us have felt depressed on reading Kant and other mystic reasoners, when, after following them in a lengthened journey with tolerable satisfaction, we have come to a passage where they appeared to be lost in helpless obscurity?

It is gratifying to find that a cultivated and thoughtful man like Metternich experienced similar difficulty, and, what is more, he feared not openly to avow it. Our 'mysterious' authors, musical and literary, are often valued for a non-existent quality, because it would appear to be an admission of weakness not to see as far into a 'difficulty' as other people.

We lay down the book and say, 'Here is a man who sees further into a metaphysical milestone than other people; yes, he surely must have supernatural grounds for his mysterious arguments, else he would not indulge in such disquisitions. Evidently he, at least, can reach out beyond our poor conceptions of mental space, and bring back something real and tangible.'

Then a man like Heine encumbers us with aid, and 'clearly' explains the inexplicable—to himself, if not to us. Here we are doubly confused. The master seems to scold our want of 'ordinary' common-sense, and the self-elected 'pupil' laughs at us in our dilemma.

The great Goethe was a wiser, and perhaps not sadder, man, when he avoided these and somewhat similar cogitations. He says: 'It is sufficient for me to know that I think, without seeking to know how it is that I think. I am not to be tempted into such an abyss.' Certainly life seems to be short, compared with such occupations.

How many volumes have we read on some-

thing like the sublime proposition: 'All elephants eat food, when they can get it. Jumbo eats food; therefore he is an elephant.' Surely twenty pages of 'common-sense' would suffice instead of misty volumes.

We follow Heine, in his brilliant hunt after 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' through scores of pages. He leaves us in the slough of despondency while he performs an exultant war-dance on the bank, deriding poor, ordinary, mortal men. This 'pupil' clearly must know more of infinity than we do; and thus we still follow him, wandering and wondering, through many volumes. At the very last, when he has fully enjoyed this triumph of hypocrisy, he impudently informs us that *he never understood the mysterious words himself*, though he had played the tragic farce through many pages! Astounding, pretentious impertinence, worse by far than anything in St. Augustine or St. Rousseau.

Miserable, self-consumed Heine. He considered himself the centre of the poetical and intellectual world. 'All eyes were upon him,' as he tried to think. He was a 'second

Goethe.' Truly a very bad second. We might describe the German race, in sportive language, as Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe, 'all in a heap' at the winning-post, and Heine nowhere.

How was his reputation ever created and maintained, except as a dazzling, analytical critic? What are his poetical works, excepting a few in number? Sixty or seventy short poems on the eternal subject of 'Unrequited Love,' when thirty pages of his really poetical and affecting sentiment would have exhausted the subject, and his resources. He tells us himself that these poems made very little impression, until he added certain comic rhymes in a moderately successful style. He has succinctly written down himself as an unparalleled charlatan and a shameless pretender.

The name of Lessing reminds us of a relative thought. It would be strange indeed if the countrymen of 'Nathan the wise' should seriously engage in a gothic crusade of persecution against Asiatic nations, from which the great German people sprang. Learned men tell us

that half the German 'roots' were first planted in Oriental soil. Surely Teutonic common-sense will soon find expression of no uncertain kind, in order to repudiate this proposed barbarous return to long-forgotten fanaticism.

Not merely German words come from the East, but also the very allegory published by Lessing. Long before Lessing's time, Burton, the Oxford Professor of Melancholy, wrote in his usual style of cheerful despondency, 'Averroes appugns all spirits,' and Machiavel and 'Infelix Brunus,' as Kepler calls him, have maintained 'atheistical' paradoxes, with that Italian Boccaccio and his fable of three rings; from which he infers that it cannot be distinguished which is the true religion, Judaism, Mahometanism, or Christianity.'

I have seen the notion traced to the East, but I forget the exact authority. Many so-called traditionary Mulattoes are really Quadroons or Octoroons.

Did Burton really suppose that Jews and Mahometans were atheists?

CHAPTER III.

A Soft May Morning—Influence on Man—His Choice—
 Transient Airs—Delicious Languor—Awakening—A
 Sturdy Yorkshireman—A Wanderer—His Reflections
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 Dragons and Witches—A Marvellous Story—The
 Great Sea-serpent—Its Length—Detached Sections—
 Favourite Haunts—Evolutions—Verdict Reversed.

It is a sweet and lovely southern morning in hopeful May, when green young leaves are peeping forth, adorned with all their delicate, virgin colours, not yet fixed and hardened by the storms, and gusts, and glare of later life. The wind is soft and southerly, bearing sweet odours from sunny lands, and whispering tales of scented memories, blushing roses, and fra-

grant hosts of beauteous flowers, whose grateful messages lull the senses almost to a state of delicious faintness.

A day to wander forth absorbed in gentle contemplation, pondering how much is left to man's decision, whether he will echo back these peaceful thoughts of Nature's teaching or rudely break the ethereal spell, and choose the boisterous path of greed and fierce oppression.

We loiter here and there, steeping our senses to the full in this enchanting languor, conscious that these soothing airs are transient, not perennial, in our native land, or we perhaps should not be the hardy, active race we are.

After this feast of tranquil, dreamy lethargy, we rouse ourselves, refreshed and ready for more vigorous action. We think of a sturdy, robust, and confident Yorkshire worthy, who, in his well-to-do condition, delighted to leave the beaten track of routes and tourists' maps mechanically marked out, and chose the leafy lanes leading him he knew not whither.

'Tyke,' like many of his hearty countrymen, could be at times ruggedly sentimental. He

could reflect on things earthly or mysterious, and to such an extent that he was once compelled to admit that he required 'a change.' In fact, he was gently expelled at last by his sympathising friends.

They insisted 'he must really take a trip' for his body's health. After long and dogged resistance, he was politely thrust forth, and, carpet-bag in hand, he proceeded to the nearest station. 'Where for, sir?' A sullen silence. He was not going to pledge himself all at once. 'Where for? You are stopping the way.' Another pause, and then, with desperate resolve, 'Onyweer.'

'Anywhere' to a railway clerk of course meant London, and to that comprehensive city he departed.

He arose in the morning about two hours after many inmates had retired to rest, and proceeded to lecture the cockneys in a strong, breezy voice on the art of speaking English. 'Han yer lost out, cos aw foond soomat?'

'Sir,' exclaimed a sleepy waiter, unable to make more than one step in the path of conversation.

‘Han yer lost out, mon? Aw spake English—what doost tho spake?’

The waiters assembled in solemn conclave, and ultimately declared that of many languages known to them this was the most remarkable. They forthwith informed the landlord that a foreigner had arrived, speaking an incomprehensible dialect, and they would be much obliged if the more learned master would have an interview with the stranger. (A fact.)

Many of our northern countrymen are not indisposed for the reception of supernatural traditions; a habit of thought inherited from their Teutonic ancestors who lived in times when dragons, witches, and other spiteful beings existed in the popular mind, if not in reality.

It happened that a marvellous story was current, well calculated to astonish natives of Yorkshire or any other part of our practical and yet not always incredulous country. It was said that a monster existed in Cambridgeshire surpassing all that we had heard respecting the notorious sea-serpent. As truth often verges on

the fabulous, and I can personally guarantee many of the particulars, I exhort my readers not to dismiss the subject contemptuously, but rather to pursue it with care and patience to the end, and then judge for themselves impartially.

The monster's length extended several hundred yards, and it possessed the remarkable power of detaching various sections and connecting them again in a most extraordinary manner. All along the attenuated creature's body were observed fine, long, narrow fins, or slender wings, as some preferred to call them, in case the serpent should desire to move from one part of the river to another. Its favourite haunts were between Chesterton and Baitsbite. Many old inhabitants are still in existence who have witnessed the marvels above related, and have seen the various sections unite on certain days, and actually perform many 'evolutions.' Incredible as all this may appear to some, I feel in duty bound to add my testimony fearlessly, with the firm conviction that even the most sceptical reader will be ultimately convinced.

CHAPTER IV.

Boat Racing—Excited Crowds—Volunteer Instructors—
 Shepherds' Dogs—Opinions of Volunteers—Appeals
 to Saints—Family Intimacy—Exclamations—Bumping
 —Awful Sounds—Indifference of Natives—Cambridge
 Broken Loose—Popular Drama—Nautical Bedlam
 —A Philosopher's Inquiries—Indian File—Wags'
 Opinions—A Teutonic Myth Annihilated—Cambridge
 Manners—Mild Lunatics—Annual Procession—Boats
 Abreast—Doubtful Engravings.

I HAVE now to attempt a description of one of the most popular amusements known to the people of Cambridge, namely, the exciting art of boat-racing. The scene must be witnessed to be properly appreciated.

You see before you an enormous crowd of struggling spectators, reckless of everything but the terrific contest which is taking place. Ex-

cited rowers attempting the impossible, and endeavouring to conceal for a given time the frenzy within. Enthusiastic friends and admirers urging on the rowers to still more impossible feats. Hundreds of volunteer instructors rushing to and fro like so many restless and panting shepherds' dogs, anxious to do a great deal more than enough in the grand and glorious cause. If all these advisers could but have their way, victory would be secure, and everybody satisfied; at least, so thought the volunteers.

Shouts, screams, yells, and other alarming sounds rend the air; saints, male and female, are openly invoked, in spite of all doctrinal teaching to the contrary, with a frankness and familiarity suggesting long and intimate acquaintance. 'Now then, Catherine, look alive; the "Maudlen" fellows are after you.' 'Go it, John's; take care of Corpus.' 'Emmanuel's aground.' 'Magdalene's done for, and been "bumped" three times already.' I am not quite sure that this 'threefold' operation can now be legally performed.

These names were not heard exactly as I have written them down; and a very good reason may be found for the change in my report. If you should hear for the first time the sounds which are really uttered, and which create neither surprise nor indignation in the minds of the residents; if you could realise all the excitement, tumult, and enthusiasm displayed at these boat-races, you would be inclined to suppose that all Cambridge had frantically broken loose, and resolved with one mind, if not with one voice, to take part, with unlimited freedom of action, in the ever-popular drama of Nautical Bedlam.

Our Yorkshire friend and others desired and received further information respecting the before-mentioned and almost incredible seaserpent. These inquiries were natural, and such as became a philosopher; they were therefore courteously answered, and the matter fully explained.

As the Cambridge boats are many, and the river narrow, it would require much ingenuity to place twenty or thirty boats abreast, in order

to compete, in such a stream; they are therefore reasonably required to pass one after the other in Indian file, and 'bump' each other if they can. This narrow procession, with the varying spaces between the boats, occasioned by different degrees of strength and ability, suggested to certain wags the idea of a great Cambridge sea-serpent, as several boats were occasionally close to each other. Thus both northern and southern minds were finally set at rest, and another Teutonic myth was mercilessly destroyed.

As the preceding remarks might convey an erroneous impression of Cambridge manners generally, I hasten to say that the mild form of lunacy prevalent in that town was chiefly exhibited by members of the 'nautical profession.' The attacks were periodical, fully anticipated, and duly provided for. The boat races took place at some distance from the town, and the 'serpentine' vagaries were considerably modified on the occasion of an annual procession on the river, when the boats did approach nearer, and passed through the vari-

ous beautiful college grounds. These boats succeeded each other in their order of merit, and then assembled together, forming a very striking picture, when for once in the year they lay abreast in the form of a square on a broad surface of water near Queen's Bridge ; the crews all standing with upright oars in their hands. The actual procession was in single file as usual, and not as sometimes represented in various engravings.

CHAPTER V.

Dr. Clarke—The Merry Sublime—Voice and Trumpet Duets—The ‘Crucifixion’—Worthy of Performance—Clarke’s Chief Labours—Handel’s Folio Works—Dear Music—A ‘Cheap’ Edition—Chapel Music in Manuscript—Literature—Penny Magazine, ‘Hone’s Everyday Book’—Clarke’s Organ Parts—Name of Whitfield—Lord John Russell’s Pronunciation—‘Goold’ and ‘Obleege’—Sir Edward Sugden—Creeping Sensations—A Utensil—Newspaper Flowers of Fancy—O’Connell’s Adjectives—The Duke of Cumberland—Political Dog-shows.

IN connection with Cambridge music, the name of Dr. Clarke, afterwards Clarke Whitfield, should not be passed by entirely unnoticed. The great Handel himself was at times jovial and almost gay, but Clarke went far beyond him into certain doubtful regions of the Merry Sublime. Several of his anthems are merely

vehicles for mechanical display, and his vocal and trumpet duets would have astonished even Handel's performers. His 'Services' were also of a very lively description, and, perhaps in consequence of this peculiarity, they were undoubtedly very popular. As is frequently the case, however, his best composition is unknown and unpublished, so far as I know. It was an oratorio entitled 'The Crucifixion,' and was performed at one of the Cambridge festivals. It is a short and interesting work, and contains several pieces of a sober and yet energetic character. If the copies could be found, the composition would be well worth reproduction, if not publication, by some of our societies which delight to unearth various specimens of early native talent written in a style dear to all musical Englishmen.

Dr. Clarke's chief honour and glory consisted in producing a splendid folio edition of Handel's gigantic works, engraved at a time when music was excessively dear, and rarely possessed by the general public. I well remember the publication of Dr. Clarke's 'Messiah,' which work

was printed from moveable types at the 'low' price of sixteen shillings! This event was then supposed to be unprecedented. Choral societies purchased at a great expense a few costly and beautiful scores, and the single vocal parts of a few popular works were printed for use; but, generally speaking, the greater part of the music employed was copied by a librarian engaged for that purpose.

Even at Trinity Chapel nearly all Handel's and Haydn's compositions were played and sung from manuscript copies.

In our days of cheap editions, young amateurs may well wonder how music and literature made any considerable progress under such peculiar and unfavourable conditions as were then prevalent.

The thanks of the public are undoubtedly due to the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Novello & Co., for their praiseworthy efforts in the cause of cheap sacred music. We may hope that these efforts have been adequately rewarded.

Previous to the appearance of the *Penny*

Magazine, there was scarcely any cheap and popular literature to be found of a useful and instructive kind. For light reading we had resorted to the *Mirror* and *Hone's Every-day Book*. Then came the *Saturday Magazine*, *Chambers' Journal*, and others, which no doubt effected much good among the people generally.

There was a quaint and effective story in the *Mirror*, which I have never seen for fifty years ; it made a great impression on the young. A poor fisherman's wishes were granted by a fairy or other magical power, and yet he was always 'asking for more.' The 'fearful' tale terminated thus—'Go back to your ditch again!' A reprint of this narrative would be very attractive in one of our popular periodicals. A plate of the great Birmingham organ and many particulars respecting it, in one of these magazines, created a great sensation among juvenile readers. York organ also attracted much attention, and these two large instruments long remained as the chief specimens of size and power to be found in the country.

Dr. Clarke was the Cambridge Professor of

Music. His condensed organ parts were long regarded as pattern arrangements; and they have been frequently reprinted and imitated. They were written in what is called the piano-organ style; but this simple and yet comprehensive form is no doubt essential in a work intended for domestic and general use.

I have seen the name Whitfield differently spelt, but, if I remember rightly, the syllable 'field' was to be found in the *old* Cambridge music-books.

Sixty or seventy years ago, members of notable families seemed to regard it as a duty to display certain amusing peculiarities. A few appeared to look upon legible handwriting as a sign of degrading human weakness. I have a letter in my possession from a late highly-esteemed dean, which would have puzzled Lord Eldon, his clerk, or even 'Nicholas' himself. I should like to see it photographed as a curiosity.

Others, like Lord John Russell, would assert their right to change the sound of words, such

as ‘Shak-spur,’ ‘goold,’ or ‘obleege.’ One correspondent addressed the noble lord, ‘desiring to be “toold,” if he might be so “boold,”’ wherefore he pronounced gold “goold?”’ I never heard of a reply, but many sharp answers were delivered of a most ‘pronounced’ description, such as can be merely hinted at in these pages. One concerning Sir Edward Sugden would have alarmed the ‘fat boy,’ and increased the intensity of his creeping sensations.

‘Sir Edward,’ as he was then called, might have humorously returned the compliment. Lord John, always accompanied by ‘goold’ and ‘obleege,’ would never employ a common word when an uncommon one could be found. On one occasion, after making a number of remarks in a rather exalted style, he continued, ‘I indignantly repudiate all these insinuations. The honourable member evidently contemplates making a—ah—ah—a utensil of me.’

Prominent newspapers exchanged many strange courtesies with O’Connell, the Duke of Cumberland, and others, using terms which

may be translated into 'sanguinary,' 'murderous,' and similar forms of violent 'adjectivity.'

We are now supposed to have progressed far beyond this stage of personality, but whether all our political 'dog-shows' are much more pleasing and edifying, must be left to the calm judgment of each particular reader.

CHAPTER VI.

Moderation Distasteful to the Young—Popular Rights—
 Republics and Restrictions—Political Manhood—A
 Question of Degree—Not Absolute Fact—A Moderate
 Course—Sir A. Alison—Weeds of Corruption—Times
 and Seasons—Education Vote—Rank of Householders
 —A Logical Conclusion—Claims of Town Populations
 —Sudden Mistakes—Reflection, not Exclusion—Trust-
 ing the People—Intelligence—Popular Knowledge—
 Boating Threatened—A musical Curate—Bandmaster
 —Setting Hansard to Music—Hearty Rowing Com-
 mended—Queen Elizabeth—Her Visit to Cambridge—
 A Tutor's Difficulty.

IN spite of Lord John Russell's special weak-
 nesses and whims, he left behind him a name
 respected by a large majority of Englishmen.
 His opponents nobly declared that they were
 'proud of him.' To young and excitable minds,
 no word is more offensive and contemptible

than that of 'moderation.' If a theory is invented, it must, in their opinion, be pursued and harried, in season and out of season, to the fatal and bitter end. Any pause for reflection or experience must be sternly discountenanced; and thus we are, in these days, sometimes in danger of legislating in haste, and repenting at leisure.

The extension of popular 'rights' is a most delicate and difficult question, and one not to be hastily overridden by theoretical considerations. The most 'advanced' republics appoint certain limits and restrictions, according to circumstances. Age, sex, and mental capacity have generally been taken into account by even the most venturesome law-makers.

If, therefore, certain years are to elapse before a 'man' can be allowed to exercise the franchise, may not the same reasons apply to classes which are not thought to have reached a state of political manhood? Is not the question one of degree rather than of absolute fact; and cannot this subject be discussed in a sober and patriotic spirit, without imputing idiocy and the

blindest self-interest to all those who differ from us? I believe that a large majority of thoughtful men adopt this middle course.

Let us reflect upon this many-sided question for a few moments.

Sir A. Alison admits that abuses will arise, that the weeds of corruption will spread if not rooted up, and therefore that a popular veto is at certain times an indispensable necessity. While I confess that I have no particular faith in the efficacy of mere numbers, it is difficult to see how this popular veto is to be expressed unless by means of popular representation.

If this necessity be conceded, the remainder of the question becomes, as I remarked, chiefly associated with gradations, fitness, knowledge, and the appropriate time for effecting certain changes.

In Lord John Russell's time, a proposal to devote the small sum of £30,000 towards the improvement of education was only carried by a narrow majority of two or three votes. As a rule, therefore, instruction at that period depended upon the rank of certain householders.

Pursuing this line of thought, and admitting the necessity of a popular vote, most of us will, I think, come to the conclusion that the *ten pound* franchise was a perfectly consistent and logical part of the old Reform Bill, taking all the circumstances into consideration.

Popular orators have always insisted on the superior attainments of town populations, and their consequent right to special consideration and influence; thus, from their own point of view, rustics should be carefully examined, and their exact position ascertained, before they are allowed to share in these higher privileges, and perhaps rival or outweigh in influence the alleged higher cultivation of townsmen. Might not a sudden mistake arise on great commercial questions, owing to the premature enfranchisement of a population declared by townsmen themselves to be 'inferior' in wisdom?

In all these remarks I am honestly pleading for reflection, and not for perpetual political exclusion. I place these points calmly before the reader, desiring, as I hope most men desire, to secure the introduction of those measures

which will surely and permanently benefit to the utmost and elevate considerably our many millions of laborious fellow-countrymen.

When our public teachers hopefully advise us to 'trust the people,' surely they imply the insertion of a previous word—'intelligent;' for though our millions know to a certainty whether they are well or ill-fed, whether they are happy or miserable, our greatest writers would allow that these millions are not always fully acquainted with the elaborate treaties and deep political thought by which these good or ill conditions are really brought about.

Again, why should the labouring classes be uniformly flattered and receive no friendly word of warning? Why should a man be ashamed of or taunted with alluding to the 'dregs of society'? Millions of steady, hard-working men and women know to their cost that these dregs exist, taint the air, and become shameless nuisances to their wives, families, masters, and the parishes in which they live.

A short experience in 'district' matters would soon convince our rose-water theorists that, to

the everlasting glory of women, it may be truthfully said—for temperance, striving, and struggling, self-denying efforts, for unceasing devotion to trying family duties, cottagers' wives rank, in respect of these virtues, as ten to one against the stronger sex, according to any just and proper standard of moderation and morality.

Why should we not call a spendthrift by his name, and also cordially recognise long-suffering and virtue when they are clearly apparent? And what part do we take in these matters? Do we wisely shake our heads and 'give it up;' do we wonder that beer rushes into a 'vacuum,' and do we attempt to provide a sensible remedy?

When we see a number of sturdy and not ill-meaning men leaning against door-posts on a Sunday evening, hesitating between a cosy, sanded room and their own parlour-kitchen and nursery apartment, do we endeavour to substitute books for beer and find quiet rooms in which these books may be read, or do we put up pious boards like the following :

‘This village reading-room is freely open to the public every day except Sunday!’

Surely the lord of misrule must rejoice at such assistance, or shall we go farther and refer to an asylum?

I would give ‘Sunday Closing’ every chance of a trial, where it is desired by the people; but I have not much faith in it, unless you add ‘library opening,’ at least for a portion of the day. I do not think much of Scotch ‘church parade,’ or English ‘three-mile’ temperance.

I believe the question of *race* has been overlooked. Think of Ireland, Wales, and Cornwall. The weaker classes may petition against their own liberty, sign many papers, and ask for absolution, but the sturdy Teuton often becomes a wilful rebel, merely because he hates all interference with his ‘liberty.’ He walks ‘three miles’ to spite the law-maker; and then he drinks and laughs in a state of comic legality. Is this change of spirit always for the better?

To show that I have no sympathy with excess, I would place a drunkard in the stocks, and make the publican who selfishly over-sup-

plied him pay a fine to the suffering wife and children. A few such penalties would be effective. Depend upon it, before you close your barrels, you must open your books, and provide coffee or other rooms where these books may be read.

While the world lasts, men will desire to meet together; and they will certainly gratify that desire, especially those who have not the comforts of larger houses, and the free choice of company or seclusion.

I admit the old, deadly, 'crescendo' difficulty, and I believe that it is the largest gun in the abstainers' camp, namely, one glass for need, a second for pleasure, and a third for lunacy. But how can you prevent a stubborn drinking man from having his way? 'Something' he *will* have in that craving, determined head or mouth. Will you 'bridge over all the rivers' of intoxicating liquor? You must provide a house of detention, or a house of attraction. In fact, you must simplify your advice, and brush away cobwebs; for, through a long-transmitted, intense dislike to sophistry,

dictation, and interference, the aforesaid obstinate Teuton (so nobly self-reliant in many ways) often fails and falls more hurtfully and grievously than he who meekly never tried to stand alone.

All these points enter into our estimate of the labouring classes and their fitness for the franchise.

Do townsmen utterly forget that, in the social pyramid, the labouring class is the largest class, and will therefore be the most powerful, to the partial exclusion of those who have helped this class to power? This is a serious question for all of us.

We leave these calmly-stated remarks to the reader's unbiased reflection, and return to the lighter subject of quaint pronunciation.

One word excited much discussion and amusement among eager and youthful students; and many were the quips and cranks heard of with respect to it. This over-refined criminal was formerly named 'Calm,' and he was received into society with tranquil satisfaction and re-

spect, until a member of his family chose, in an unlicensed manner, to usurp the title of our sacred 'Cam,' and thus desert the old traditional appellation.

This course of action was naturally resented by our watchful 'conservators,' and, as ordinary remonstrances proved of no avail, recourse was had to the all-powerful genius of poetry. The result was conclusive and overwhelming, as the reader will perceive on perusing the following majestic rebuke :

' There is a Cam for those who boat
The rowing season round ;
There is a groan for those who catch
A crab, and run aground.'

This poetical oil smoothed the waters of the ruffled Cam, and his votaries pursued their arduous course with their accustomed vigour and determination.

In a few rare cases, the excellent art of rowing may be carried to excess ; perhaps more frequently than in the equally healthful art of cricket. I believe at one time there were serious thoughts of limiting the boating ex-

ercises, when a few of the injurious results were found to be of a self-inflicted, sanguinary nature—not referring to the nasal organ.

I hope that greater moderation has since prevailed, and that in playful occupations at least, young Britons will occasionally condescend to know when they are beaten by youthful excitement and unnatural exertions.

A very musical curate once competed for a desirable post, where he would enjoy an increase of emolument, and where his musical abilities would be more fully appreciated. He won the prize, and, strange to say, the other candidates were not altogether satisfied, as the appended remarks will show.

‘What do you think of this musical flat?’

‘Oh, they say he set “Hansard” to music, and only stopped when he came to the Hibernian interludes.’

‘I agree with you,’ said another sufferer, with a slight sneer. ‘The man ought to be a band-master.’

Now, I have no wish to say, or insinuate, the smallest syllable against downright hearty

and honest rowing, but I confess that I have met with a very few men to whom I felt inclined to say, 'My good fellow, you really ought to be a "Jolly Young Waterman."' Therefore, as a conscientious historian, I feel bound to allude to these facts, and leave them for general consideration.

The reader will have noticed the omission of an 'odd' consonant occasionally in certain words of this book. We now generally write 'unbiased' and 'unparalleled;' and it appears to me that as 'visitted' and 'trumpetter' would present an absurd appearance, the words 'remodeled,' 'leveled,' and 'worshiper' should follow the general rule respecting *unaccented* syllables. I therefore ventured upon this exceptional course, in the hope that a similar system would be ultimately adopted.

After writing a few words in this desirable way, the old plan appears to become utterly intolerable.

Among the many traditions abounding in

Cambridge, was one relating to Queen Elizabeth, when she visited the university and listened to certain 'public oracles' and their Latin discourses on things in general. The queen inquired after one of her young friends, a student, and the reply she received was so very remarkable, at least to other than Cambridge ears, that I venture to make a note of it.

'How is Montgomery Blanque?' graciously inquired her majesty.

'And please your majesty, Montgomery is well. He reads, it is true, but not to excess; and, above all, he sticks closely to Catherine Hall!'

This reply would have astonished many great ladies, but the brave old dame soon overcame this, as she did many other difficulties, and laughingly replied,

'Ah, he was always known to be fond of the lasses!'

After listening to many long-winded Latin orations, the queen reminded the 'oracles' of her desire for brevity by simply responding,

‘Intelligo.’ No doubt Bess could have continued the discussion in Latin, but she preferred a shorter and wiser course. In fact, by the adoption of this plan, assisted by the rule of ‘No questions to royalty,’ and selecting a line from French, German, and Italian, it was observed that one might travel over a great part of Europe, always respecting the aforesaid rule, and not becoming entangled in debate, after the manner of Pat and his grilling apparatus.

To my certain knowledge, ‘intelligo,’ and a trifling gift, would have saved an accomplished tutor a world of trouble, when three poor Hungarians came to his door, and discoursed most volubly in Latin. He assured me that he was for a moment never so ‘taken aback.’

The rapid flow of Latin ‘household words;’ the strange pronunciation, not yet reduced to anything like a European standard, as I once before mentioned; the sudden attack of the ‘Roman’ legions, all combined to ‘take away his breath,’ as he said, and prevent a quick reply in ‘altered’ and ‘un-English’ answers,

so as to be really understood by the strangers. Fortunately, he had lived in Italy for a time, and he at last managed to round off his vowels in a panting state of Tiberian frenzy.

I hope my readers will sympathise with me when I say that I am fond of a characteristic story, as I cannot omit one which made a great impression upon me. My friend, the ‘accomplished tutor,’ was loitering in a gorgeous Italian picture gallery. He was a very hearty, straightforward Englishman, fond of admiring art, but with no tendency whatever to affected airs or gushing transports, in the style of certain melancholy, groaning imbeciles. He loved a merry joke, and he disliked mere frothy sentiment with an earnestness which reached below the ‘surface’ view of things.

He paused before one of the greatest pictures, and was deeply impressed by a renowned master’s representation of a hallowed subject, sacred to millions of men. He described to us in graphic language his feelings of almost petrified admiration, and then he added, with an air of something like boyish confusion,

‘I found myself, as it were, alone, among a crowd of talking visitors, standing before the picture, *with my hat off*.’

Perhaps the painter, had he been alive, might have proudly compared his triumph with that achieved when certain birds pecked at certain pictorial grapes.

Of course, if questions should be daringly asked, say by a foreign young lassie, unused to royalties and their ceremonies, the result might be too awful to contemplate. Such a case really happened to William IV. He politely asked after the health of a damsel, and he not only heard the answer, but a tremendous and unprecedented remark: ‘How do *you* find yourself this morning?’ A reply to this question would have involved so many profound considerations and results to the universe, that we refrain from pursuing the subject.

more

CHAPTER VII.

‘Euclid’ and Macaulay—Steamboat—Cheap French Editions—Suspensions—Copyright—Adam Smith and J. S. Mill—Imperfect Quotations—Mill’s ‘Alarm’—Taxation of Luxuries—Employment for the People—Old Ideas—Discriminating Duties—‘Anatomy’ Burton—His Foresight—Luxuries to be Taxed—Corn Free—Smith and Mill—Their Decisions of Equal Value—Logical Position—Division of Wealth—The Choice of Hercules—‘Incumbrances’ Removed—The Order of Jaffa—Parched Multitudes—Banks and Bulwarks Preserved—Leaden Instincts—Silk Merchants—Small Profit Sufficient—Dear and Cheap Living—Piratical Macaulay—Detective Misery—Solution.

MY friend ‘Euclid,’ as I will call him, gave me an interesting report of Macaulay’s behaviour on board a steamboat, in which both the author and relator were passengers. Macaulay was deeply absorbed in one of Thackeray’s new works, studying it with all his critical

and accustomed vigour. But the suspicious part of the affair arose from the circumstance that the volume was a cheap, French, two-franc edition, published only a few weeks after the expensive English original had appeared.

'Euclid' had undergone the pain and peril of composing and publishing, as I narrated previously, and he watched with a very jealous eye these doings of the eminent writer. 'Euclid' did not wish to be defrauded of his own creation by the intrusion of imperfect copies, printed in the English style of type, or something like it. He enjoyed his small, 'protected' honorarium, and he thought that Macaulay did not intend to repudiate a much larger form of solid appreciation. Yet, here was a man partaking of special benefits himself, and at the same time treating with the enemy respecting other authors. The circumstance was puzzling and annoying.

When our debaters quote Adam Smith and J. S. Mill on this and similar questions, they would do well to quote fairly and thoroughly. Mill was no reckless confiscator of other men's

goods, whether mental or agricultural. He wrote, with his usual outspoken boldness, that he ‘read with real pain and *alarm*’ the various attacks upon copyright, patent, and other properties. He knew the necessity of our restraining laws, if thinkers were to live and flourish; if mechanical creators were not to be ‘banished’ to more favourable climes, and if landowners, and other owners, were to be preserved and protected in their possessions, like the remaining portion of our countrymen.

Further, both Smith and Mill allow the taxation of luxuries. Mill expressly mentions silk as offering an example by which we could gain an income from a duty, and at the same time find employment for a part, at least, of our increasing millions. Certainly few subjects more important can be brought before a responsible statesman than those which relate to the steady and continuous employment of the people.

Many ideas concerning discriminating duties and other questions are no mere novelties. A hundred and fifty years before Smith composed

his noted work, old 'Anatomy' Burton had written, with considerable foresight and disinterestedness, 'I would have separate cemeteries, not churchyards; spacious fields for athletic sports; colleges of mathematicians, musicians, and actors; public historiographers, supported by the state;' concluding with the following remarkable sentence, 'I would have no tax on corn, wood, or coal; but on silk, velvet, spices, wine, tobacco, and jewels!' (Written nearly three hundred years ago.)

If the words of Smith or Mill on one page are declared to be absolute law, why are they not equally valued and respected upon another page?

Our sanguine disputants would do well to reflect upon these matters, and, after impartial consideration, candidly to tell us who are really the rebels against oft-quoted authorities.

I believe the position, as stated above, respecting the taxation of luxuries, to be perfectly unassailable, and closely connected with the gradual distribution of wealth.

All these 'contemptible littles' make a terri-

ble ‘mickle,’ when the lofty law-maker is brought face to face with a half-fed, suffering people, who, heaven be praised, would work if they could, but who in emergencies are very apt to wish for the tangible property of others, however carefully accumulated, instead of attacking those who have brought them to this stagnant condition.

There are few of us who have not longed at certain times for a more equitable division of wealth ; but I believe that no man has ever yet suggested a rapid and righteous way of effecting that object. The gradual attempt must therefore be made by fairly taxing luxuries and property.

The choice of young political Hercules is remarkably easy. On one side is tedious restraint, on the other a cheap expedient. There is no need of Socrates and sermons ; you could arrange all your laws, customs, and policy on two pages of ‘common-sense,’ as certain volatile nations have once or twice done. One line forms a text and sermon together—‘The fewer, the better fare.’ Assemble your halt, blind,

aged, and wealthy, and then summon a military physician wearing the ‘Soporific Order of Jaffa.’ ‘Oh,’ say the young, ‘you have reasons for caution; we thought you were asleep.’

No one doubts the ‘simplicity’ of these violent plans. Here is a parched multitude, there is a reservoir; who dares to separate the one from the other?

Would not a wise man suggest the need of firm, costly, and careful channels between this water and the multitudes, lest they should one day be deluged by over-eagerness? Should not all wise and patriotic guardians cordially unite to prevent reckless youths and ignorant men from trifling with these banks, or hateful vermin from burrowing in these bulwarks? Would a profound teacher rejoice that this water was ‘distributed,’ when the more appropriate term might have been—‘wasted’?

Are not prominent men of all parties bound by every principle of honour and statesmanship to preserve the national cistern from ‘leaden instincts’? Mere numbers, irrespective of knowledge, always remind me of that pro-

fessional agitator, the wolf, when he declared that he was supremely indifferent as to the 'number' of the sheep; thus implying a personal dread of individual courage and ability rather than collective imbecility.

Did we never hear that in families and states a thirst for gold led to a thirst for blood; and that, though conquering brigands may appear to flourish and glitter for a time, yet that these 'short reckonings' somehow or other make very long memories, and that there is a portentous, unerring Book of Fate which must be read by every mortal great and small, entitled personal and national Hopeless Remorse. Yes; older men have their reasons, and they are not all asleep.

In spite of many warnings, our enthusiastic silk-merchants were taken in the theoretical net so cleverly set for them by confident orators, and they voluntarily surrendered themselves to a hopeless rivalry with cheaper-living people in warmer climates. The result has been truly disastrous, and most of the political would-be suicides deeply regretted their visionary notions

before they finally committed themselves to actual oblivion.

The silk trade occupied a large number of workpeople, and the richer classes could well afford to pay the trifling difference which sufficed to form a fair margin for labour and capital in a country like ours, where a certain expenditure is unavoidable if you are, in common language, to ‘keep body and soul together,’ and live in something better than the cabins occupied by millions on the continent, who can positively afford to leave their looms, and ‘go nutting’ on better than weaving terms, as in Germany, or gathering chestnuts, as in Italy. How can Englishmen be properly fed and compete with men like these? The continued lunacy is totally incomprehensible. The silk trade was no mere ‘straw’ in the national balance; it was an important part of our general trade; and you may rely upon it that these partial confiscations and deprivations are very liable to lead to other and more serious confiscations when the strain really becomes too severe. The effect of an ‘enlarged suffrage’ will surprise many theorists.

‘We must live,’ said a poor workman to a cynical foreigner.

‘I do not admit the necessity,’ was the philosophical reply.

At a popular election, if a theoretical orator should venture, even in veiled language, to echo this charitable sentiment, regardless of the fact that people in an island continue to increase, as elsewhere, and that they cannot suddenly separate themselves from their families, learn a new language, or go to America, without much inconvenience, I fancy our millions would soon remind the said orator that, as families and communities chiefly raised themselves by a kind of refined selfishness and desirable emulation, so political charity should first begin at home, and thus establish an honest and justifiable system of National Policy.

By this course you score two good points. You add to your revenue, and you employ your own workpeople—two very important points in the game of politics. English people are becoming almost satiated with the perpetual drama—National Martyrdom for Universal Objects.

I have no personal interest in the silk-trade, and I venture to add that wise and patriotic statesmen will always consider first the continued employment of workpeople, at wages which will allow them decent food, lodging, and clothing, suitable to our climate; and they will do well to reasonably pause before they place too many of these 'straws' upon the national 'camel's back.'

I leave the subject for the sober consideration of my readers, in the hope that better and more practical counsels will prevail.

We have left Macaulay all this time, devouring Thackeray's novel, and he seemed to be greatly enjoying his pleasant occupation.

As I said, my friend watched the literary 'pirate' unceasingly, casting from time to time not very friendly glances towards the offender. He noticed the gradual 'consumption' of the darling morsel. He almost wished to see the book packed up, in order to be out of his 'detective' misery; but still the ship sailed on, and still Macaulay read with unabated interest.

At last they approached our shores. Macaulay seemed to hurry forward with his task; he read and turned over page after page quicker than ever; but, lo, the ship has stopped at last, and the book is not yet fully perused. What is to be done? He hesitates but for a moment. He closes the attractive and unfinished volume, and hurls it over, indignantly, into the rolling Thames.

He knew where theory ended, and where common-sense began; he knew that he lived, and deserved to live, upon his mental gifts, and he knew that these and other 'gifts' were useless, if they were not firmly and legally protected.

Since writing the above I have seen the following:—

'The income tax rendered this year, 1884, is £2,500,000 less than the year ending September, 1883, so that the income of Great Britain was less to these islands 80 times $2\frac{1}{2}$, or £200,000,000.
—*October 2, 1884.*'

CHAPTER VIII.

Devonshire Life—Jovial Clergy—A Powerful Rector—
 A Sermon Interrupted—Villagers' Surprise and Caution—A Delegate—Refreshers—A Secular Lecture—
 An Acoustical Question—A 'Capper'—The Rector's
 'Observations'—A Felonious Girl—Roots—A Bump
 of Acquisitiveness—Cause and Offence—Effect of Attractive Audacity—A New Curate—The Bishop's Suggestions—Hunting and Clerical Garments—A Strange Kennel—Mr. Lamkin—His Misplaced Confidence—
 The Rector's Strong Whisky—Its Effect—A Long Sleep—An Ingenious Window—The Curate's Descent—
 A Peculiar Almanack—Lamkin's Penitence—His Apologies and Departure—Lax Bygone Days.

DURING one of many glorious, long vacations, a friend of mine, bearing a name not unknown to popular fame, communicated to me many wonderful stories concerning Devonshire life, and particularly that portion of it embracing the clerical department. They were a reckless,

rampant, and yet benevolent class in those days ; almost drowning their random doings in deep potations and charitable deeds ; practising amazing improprieties and glaring outbreaks, yet seldom forgetting the wants of their deserving and poor parishioners. Their good and bad qualities must be contrasted impartially.

One of them we will call Boreas, a man fond of dogs, oxology, and elephantine horses, suitable for carrying seventeen stone, and that, too, after a jovial dinner. He was indeed ‘rector’ of the place, with a stentorian voice ; rushing here and there, now in the right path, now in a wrong one, yet always sure of a popular welcome when the last freak was over and partly atoned for by never-ending charities and friendly actions.

Boreas was roaring at his hearers on one occasion : ‘How often do I repeat these solemn warnings to your careless ears,’ with other words of a like import. Then, coming to his peroration, ‘Do you not remember the awful denunciation—I thought so, by gum !’ [Fact.]

Naturally, the placid villagers were slightly astonished. They had been accustomed to strange expressions; they had witnessed many events in which their pastor had taken a peculiar and prominent part, but, hitherto, they had heard nothing so abrupt and startling in the course of his official utterances. They were, however, very cautious in their proceedings with respect to anything like protestation, as they had frequently suffered in this particular, and had been rebuked in very quaint language, after the fashion of other popular preachers, who had contrived to turn an instance of apparent profanity into a forcible, if not always grave and appropriate, reprimand. A certain reasonable time was therefore thoughtfully allowed to elapse before the subject was distinctly alluded to.

At last a parochial delegate waited upon the rector, and, in delicate and hesitating language, gradually approached the all-absorbing question. After a few grateful 'refreshers,' such as leading counsel and others have been in the habit of receiving from time immemorial, the

rector proceeded to deliver one of his carefully prepared lay sermons, which were all the more effective because, it must in justice be admitted, they were exceedingly rare. This rarity may be accounted for by the fact that, whereas his pulpit discourses were frequently ‘annexed’ from any convenient and eloquent authority, he was compelled, in the case of these secular lectures, to rely almost entirely upon the activity and ingenuity of his own understanding.

Having passed through these forms of deliberate preparation, the rector commenced his oration : ‘ I believe, Mr. Brorney, that you have attended my church for a great many years, and have “heard” me preach a number of sermons.’ On the acoustical point, Brorney frankly admitted that, if anyone were to blame, the fault must lie with the lectured, and not with the lecturer.

‘ Well, Mr. Brorney, although you may have noticed many odd expressions and doubtful allusions in my sermons during a series of years, I think I may safely say that you never heard

anything approaching the phrase I made use of a few weeks ago.'

Mr. Brorney, after causing his broad-brimmed hat to revolve several times in his hands, and comparing in his mind a number of strange sayings, remarked that 'he couldn't say as he did remember anything to cap that 'un.'

The rector continued—'In the midst of, I think you will admit, a "powerful" discourse, and at the most anxious moment of a prolonged argument, which I was obliged to read over several times in order to understand it myself,' (this is in confidence,) 'I chanced to look through the church window into my garden. There I saw a sturdy little girl pulling away at one of my favourite carrots. Had I not been in the pulpit, I should have wagered any amount upon a certain event, but of course I was engaged in carefully reading my sermon from time to time. Naturally my "observations" became rather confused, and the climax was reached when the little girl fell backwards with a fearful crash, just as I had prophesied in my own mind what would be the result of her exertions.'

Mr. Bromney confessed in the most ingenuous manner that ‘neither human natur nor parson natur could stand such a thing as that.’

Boreas worked himself up into a state of verbal fermentation and lofty inventiveness, and composed for once a special and elaborate sermon, by way of ‘improving the occasion.’ He introduced ‘roots’ of various kinds—forbidden, coveted, and pulled, alluding to the painful fall and the ‘bump’ of acquisitiveness in a more or less familiar and patriarchal fashion. He managed to blend warnings, threats, and apologies so artistically together, after the well-known manner of public speakers; he enlarged so eloquently upon the ‘cause’ rather than his own particular offence, that in the end most of the simple villagers became convinced that the emphatic and outspoken rector deserved their pity rather than their blame.

Such is the gratifying effect produced by well-timed oratory, unabashed advocacy, and attractive audacity.

As Boreas advanced in years, the parish did

not advance to the bishop's satisfaction, and his lordship suggested, after many misgivings, the employment of a young and active curate. No doubt the 'avocations' of the rector were manifold and perplexing. When called upon to take galloping exercise, solely, of course, for the benefit of his health, his time was found to be so much occupied, that a previous clerical duty was frequently undertaken with the aid of a surplice hastily thrown over certain significant hunting garments.

His horse was attached to the churchyard gate, and not only are these statements absolutely true, but the hounds were often locked in the vestry, while various ceremonies were taking place in the church. Many other stories could be added, equally true and remarkable in character, but I shall merely select one from numerous examples, for the purpose of illustrating the manners of bygone times.

Boreas replied to his bishop in modest and persuasive language. 'He had always been desirous of engaging a really steady and pious young man to relieve his overworked brain.

He should hail such a man with the greatest satisfaction; but he never could find one, after much exertion, actually suitable for the place.' No doubt the requirements were peculiar, as we shall soon ascertain.

'Would the bishop send a pious, pattern kind of man?'

'Certainly, with the greatest pleasure.'

'Agreed,' and the day of installation was appointed.

On a memorable Monday morning, young Mr. Lamkin appeared. Boreas was most parental in his varied attentions. Every want was anticipated, every sober thought met with a warm response; all the duties and institutions of the parish were discussed with apparently fervent enthusiasm. Surely Mr. Lamkin had fallen upon pleasant lines of duty and sympathy if they should not indeed prove to be nets spread for the innocent young bird.

In truth, the young man was completely won over to the village and its 'ruler.' After dinner, conversation became just a little more lively, and, as the evening progressed, even the new-

comer seemed to think that a man could be virtuous and yet partake of 'one' glass of whisky and water. He tried the experiment, and became confidentially communicative.

Boreas had emptied the contents of a bottle of gin into the kettle near the fire, and provided very large glasses, such as were formerly used.

'Really, Mr. Boreas, this is indeed too strong, much too strong.'

'Well, my good fellow, there is the kettle; help yourself—never mind the expense.'

This once novel joke doubtless assisted the water-cure notion, and Mr. Lamkin 'let down' the pure whisky, and thereby raised his own spirits considerably.

'Still too strong, I assure you, sir; I never tasted anything like it.'

'Well, the remedy is very simple, why not take a *little* more water?'

Again the liquor was diluted by more of the dangerous fire-water, but, after repeated additions and the rector's sharp ridicule of persons

who preferred milk and water to real royal toddy, young Lamkin resolved to do his best for once, and not forfeit the 'good' opinion of his estimable rector.

As we may suppose, Lamkin was soon overcome. The arch-conspirator led him up to bed with affectionate solicitude, and gave him much gratuitous advice. 'If he wished to remain a pattern curate in that pattern village, he really must be more careful on future occasions.'

In the old bed-room was a recess containing a window, part of it opening like doors, as in the olden time. Boreas had placed in this recess a book-case, exactly fitting the projecting space, containing glass doors something like those of the actual window.

'Now, my good fellow, I will send you a small glass of brandy, just as a tonic, and then you can sleep as long as you like. You will see by this "window" when it is light, and then you can ring for whatever you want.'

After a prolonged sleep, Mr. Lamkin arose

and looked at the 'window,' and even opened it in order to convince his still rather drowsy senses. No, the light had not yet appeared, and he was not very sorry, as a good long sleep would refresh him and restore his shattered nerves, previous to meeting with his much afflicted rector.

Many tonics and consolations were administered by the kindly Mr. Boreas, and thus the hours passed by; many more than Mr. Lamkin supposed to be possible.

At length Mr. Lamkin really did appear at breakfast. The forgiving rector delicately approached the subject, and warned him affectionately of youthful intemperance, but felt 'compelled, you know,' to ask him the day of the week.

'Tuesday, my good sir, of course. You know I went to bed last night!'

Thoughtful Mr. Boreas shook his head with a fatherly expression of pain and emotion. Then, rising with his theme, he exhorted and addressed his unfortunate victim thus:

'My dear young friend, I am obliged to con-

vey to you the alarming intelligence that this is Thursday morning!' [Fact.]

Poor Lamkin had heard that his new rector was a jocular kind of man, and the astounding remark fully established this notion in his mind.

After many arguments on this knotty question, Mr. Lamkin ventured into the village to inquire of certain serious people, who had not partaken of very strong whisky, with or without water, as to the truth of the rector's astounding statement. To his dismay, he found that it was undeniably Thursday in that 'particular' village, and probably would be so in his own native town. He had so far recovered as to arrive at this decision. He had evidently hurt the feelings of a kind and generous man. He could no longer remain after such a disgrace.

'He packed up his carpet-bag,' said the irrepressible rector, 'and went off to a milder sphere, where he would be in no danger of meeting with such overpowering stimulants. Whether the bishop heard Lamkin's confession

or not, I have no certain information ; but from that day to this, his lordship never sent me another pattern curate.'

Such were the lax, jovial, and equivocal old times in England two or three generations ago.

CHAPTER IX.

Fishing in Vacation Time—Enchanting Summer—The Saucy Thrush—A Stoat—The River Nene—Chatsworth—The Heron—His Caution—Kingfishers—Sterndale Bennett—Sterndale—Chatsworth—Many Rumours—The Late Duke's Inclinations—The Princess Charlotte—Visit to St. Petersburg—A Generous Landlord—Low Rents—A Profane Parrot—Address to the Duke—A Cunning Bird—Exit to the Lower Regions—Useful Arrangement—Edensor—Rich—Greenwich Time.

DURING our vacations, much of our time was spent in fishing, availing ourselves of the evenings and wet days to indulge in the delights of enchanting chamber music and cheerful conversation. These occupations absorbed the greater part of our time, and our cup of happiness seemed to be filled to the brim. Words

scarcely suffice where music is concerned. We have seen a public discussion as to the chances of shooting fish, owing to the deceptive image of the creature, and the obliquely resisting water. I have several times shot trout in this way, merely to establish the fact. Trout, as many of us well know, stand like sentinels near various hollow banks, when they are not on a feeding tour; and here, again, we meet with the 'strongest surviving' principle. When the largest trout is taken, number two in size will glide in, and take his place, and so on through many stages of size and ability.

Sometimes the mere concussion caused by the shot stuns or kills the fish; but I have also seen shot taken from a fish before being sent to table. I would not say much in favour of the probability of shooting fish swimming in deep water, or in the centre of a stream, but in the cases referred to, the trout were near a bank, and about twelve or eighteen inches below the surface.

How enchanting it is to lie basking on the bank of a river in genial summer time, when

all is still, except the warblers in the trees, and a gentle murmur from the stream. The dashing, cheery thrush pours forth his confident notes in a flood of bold and full-voiced melody, spreading his pert and almost upright tail, as if he, too, would be a peacock, if he could, and yet retain his musical powers. He is too proud of his acquirements to treat on other conditions.

Then a small member of the weasel tribe steals out in the stillness, to inspect, with the utmost caution, a large dead pike, say, in Northamptonshire; you can find excellent pike, chub, and perch fishing in the Nene. Or you can journey up to Derbyshire, and see magnificent Chatsworth in all its glory; then wander by the rushing, frothy waterfalls, or stand knee-deep in the plunging tide on the steps of the great weir, almost facing the grand house itself.

In quiet portions of the stream, when you have long been silent, a scarecrow-looking heron may perhaps be seen, standing on his long, skeleton legs, intently calculating all the chances of the fishing question; whether he

can seize with certainty a particular fish, whether anyone will interrupt him in the attempt, and whether he can return to a favourable rising ground suitable for a fresh flight to other scenes of piratical depredations. You must indeed be very still to find one near you. Though they are so long-legged and large in wing, they appear but as specks in the zenith, when they are watching you.

Then there are the beautiful, shy kingfishers, which are ruthlessly destroyed by keepers because of their destructive qualities. I suppose you must choose between fish and their enemies, but one regrets to see a bird of such lovely plumage mangled by the rough shot of heedless men.

After a long silence, a little red-brown rat may perch himself on a small sluice-gate, looking like a large, fat mouse, with a long, thick coat and sparkling, beady eyes, earnestly studying the 'enormous' biped on the bank. Finding that his enemy has apparently proclaimed a truce for once, he sits up and cleans his knowing face with an almost cat-like carefulness and

appearance. He differs very much from the horrid Norwegian monsters with grey, shaggy coats, like miniature, prowling lurchers.

I have caught eels myself three feet in length and as thick as my wrist, and awkward prey they are, with their slimy, wriggling ways, twisting your line into a thousand 'kinks,' if you have not a well-made swivel on it.

The largest eel I ever saw in an inland English river was at a weir about midway between Bakewell and Ashford. To preserve a lakelike appearance, moveable boards had been fixed on the upper part of the weir; but, as the fish struggled in vain to reach the higher waters, the boards were periodically taken down, leaving at last a nearly empty river below. There was a deep hollow caused by the plunging of the waves, and, when all the fish obtainable had been lifted in cans to a higher level, I heard a cry of—'A hale, a hale,' and it certainly was a monster. The keepers had never seen one like it. Two strong, large-handed men chased it in the pool, and at last secured it. It was about five feet in length, and as

thick as a strong man's arm, immensely powerful, and, though either of these men would have walked into the stream and seized a large, energetic trout from behind a stone by 'tickling' it, as they say, and rarely letting one escape, yet, while this monster was wrapped in an extensive, small-meshed net made trebly strong by folding, the intended victim all at once escaped, and no one could tell where was his hiding-place. We could walk on the bed of the river by the side of a stone wall bank. No crevice could we see of any importance, yet he was off before our very faces, and we returned without him, to our great regret.

Near Bakewell bridge were several gigantic trout, well-known to 'old inhabitants.' Each had his watery 'castle,' and fiercely he defended it when any upstart parvenu dared to approach my lord's domain. No, there was no 'equality' there; and though, with our more exalted gifts, we should endeavour to round off the angles, left apparently by nature for that very purpose, yet, when we have done our best in all sincerity, doubtful inequalities will still remain

to pamper us, 'rough-hew them how we may.' No native hoped to entice these wary giant trout by a rod and line, or indeed by any other means. It was looked upon as an impossible feat. One day, however, a confident young 'swell,' a stranger, declared that 'he would catch one in a quarter of an hour.' This oration was received with a shout of ridicule. He baited his hook with a common shrimp, and, wonderful to relate, he actually did tempt one who had been infallibly declared to 'know very much better,' and landed it, to the surprise of all except the complacent visitor. I believe such an event has never been heard of before nor since. The proud angler tried again and again, but without the least success. Perhaps the old trout was tired of fighting against envious conspirators, and wished to quietly abdicate, like other big royal fish, and rest his bones on English shores.

How many authors and artists from 'Peveril of the Peak' to our own times have found their inspiration in this lovely county, abounding in historic scenery, marvellous traditions,

and endless country gossip. Here did Sterndale Bennett delight to wander, planning his charming 'Sketches' with his mind's pencil, or visiting his old Sterndale relations—names well-known in Derbyshire. Would that he had enjoyed more 'leisure,' that we might have enjoyed more of his imaginative music.

As to gorgeous Chatsworth, a Pepys or Boswell would have recorded notes for volumes during a holiday tour, respecting the kingly structure, its surroundings, and the late duke's personal history. How he was or was not changed at nurse, when two noble ladies gave birth to children at the same time, in a Paris hotel; how one desired a boy, and the other would be content with a girl; while others said the duke was exactly like members of the undoubted ducal stock. How, when young, he fell in love with the Princess Charlotte, and had great hopes of success; and, when this lover's castle dissolved in air, he resolved firmly never to marry. On the contrary, how he loved an untitled lady, and yet could not resolve to 'descend' to this alliance. How

he could not marry, if he would, on account of a special agreement made to that effect, by which he was to enjoy his estate without entailing it to anyone; and many other ‘common rumours.’

The following is a cutting from my notebook, taken, I think, from Mr. Greville’s memoirs.

‘The Princess Charlotte dined last Wednesday with her mother. She is on perfectly good terms at present with her father. The quarrels of late have been frequent, and a few weeks ago were even worse than they had been while she was at Windsor. But this is the hot fit, and he is coaxing her; it always succeeds to a certain degree, and his refusing an establishment and some other indulgence generally brings the cold fit. The Princess Charlotte has completely altered her language as to the Prince of Orange, and I am quite clear she will take him, if they offer him to her. The Dutch business has done this; and, now that is all over, I may inform you of a great alarm I had from finding, by the clearest

proofs, that she really had a great *penchant* for the Duke of Devonshire. This you may rely on; and it is equally certain that now she would be furious at the insinuation, as is exceedingly natural in such cases, the idea having passed away. I always thought that the best (I mean the most useful) part of her character was the spice of the mother's spirit and temper; but I fear she has a considerable mixture of the father's weakness and fickleness.'

The Duke went to St. Petersburg, where he showed himself 'more kingly than a king,' and spent a quarter of a million in ticklish times, when it was thought wealth and display might impress the potentates of Europe with our national and ducal greatness.

His great canal (more than eleven miles long) to feed the 'Emperor' fountain and supply useful water, was said to have cost a hundred thousand pounds; and, more than this, his favourite 'Paxton' would not build the Crystal Palace fountain to exceed this 'Imperial' standard, but purposely left it short by about ten feet. The lordly, yet kindly, old man wept

when his botanical hero was received at a brilliant feast in London, in honour of his beautiful Crystal Palace and his newly-granted title. The 'Emperor' fountain was so named in honour of the Russian monarch.

No vast estate was ever better managed on the sure and easy, generous 'live and let live' principle. After all, the duke was but a temporary 'steward;' he could not eat, drink, drive, and dress away his large and princely revenue; and I question, if the 'spoil' had been divided among five hundred poorer men, whether the manifold great improvements could have been made, while the sole, direct, and powerful master remained in a subordinate position during the experiment.

Good stone cottages were charged something like one shilling per week, and, when 'Paxton' pressed for a trifling increase, the sturdy peasants would not hear of such a thing, and asserted that 'they would pay as much as their fathers had paid, and no more.' I believe that for many a long day they were left unmolested by the noble landlord. I fancy that 'five hundred'

Chatsworth proprietors would have raised the cottagers' and other rents considerably.

Tales by the hundred are told about the stately duke. Once a prattling parrot had been imported; educated, of course, in courtly speech and deportment, suitable for such a sacred spot. Unhappy bird! Like the famous 'Jack Starling,' he had been in evil company on his way to England, and had heard phrases from sailors not included in the 'bill of accomplishments.' The duke was rather deaf, and somewhat feeble at times. He stumbled, and, instead of an anxious valet's polite inquiries, he heard the un-palatial sounds, 'Clumsy devil.' Surely he must be dreaming. This kind of chat was not for Chatsworth. It could not be; he would try again. Another stumble. 'Tumble up,' cried the wicked parrot, remembering part of his gratuitous nautical education. 'Who's there, I say?' But 'Clumsy devil, tumble up' was all the answer received.

'Richards, come here. There's some one about, I think.'

'We will see, your grace,' said the valet,

who fully understood the matter, but said nothing further.

The cunning feathered criminal was not going to commit himself before an active witness. No, he was much too well 'educated' for that. He was as completely silent as a fraudulent bankrupt. The room was thoroughly examined; the duke was convinced, and the bird was slyly transferred to a lower stage of life, to enjoy his 'rough and tumble' love of laconic and very free speech. An appropriate cage might perhaps be found for other bipeds when they indulge in unparliamentary remarks.

I was informed that in this immense house a number of servants were compelled to sleep downstairs, so numerous were they. If such were the case, part of the naughty parrot's exhortation might prove not altogether inappropriate when the attendants prolonged their slumbers to an unreasonable extent in the morning.

At Edensor Church, in the beautiful village of that name, the duke usually attended service, and he was buried in the adjoining graveyard in a very simple tomb, by his own express desire.

The organist—we will call him Rich—was a much-loved, warm-hearted man, known to a large circle of affectionate friends.

He agreed wonderfully well with men and things in general, but he never could agree with Greenwich or Derbyshire notions of time and space. The ‘last moment’ was his appointed time for starting. The least delay, a buckle in the harness, a forgotten organ-key, or any other lock on his movements, would certainly detain him until too late for service, as you would think. Not at all; in spite of all the House of Lords, emperors, and dukes, the old clerk stood his friend, and said ‘his grace’ with great composure. He quietly ascended the belfry, and arranged the village clock to dear old Rich’s time; and neither duke nor people seemed to be one whit the wiser as to the behaviour of this ‘thief of time’ and his ever-joyous confederate. (A fact.)

Rich, like many others, did not approve of long hymns and sermons. One especial offender tried his patience considerably; this was a nine-versed ‘evening hymn,’ which might very well

suit the Muses, but was not at all interesting to him. When the duke was away, Rich and and others covertly pasted down the four straggling, superfluous verses in all the hymn-books discoverable, except the duke's. That was considered to be either too awful to be inspected by human eyes, or it could not be found.

All went gaily as a marriage peal, with five bells instead of nine, for a length of time. It required an earthquake of extraordinary vehemence to disturb the steady, confiding Derbyshire villagers. In fact, the affair was quite forgotten, even by the few conspirators. The simple cottagers were not well-versed in palimpsests, oriental forgeries, and defacements.

One Sunday the clergyman had passed 'all understanding,' and had come to the assenting 'Amen.' Rich began to bustle about in his perpetual-motion kind of way, uttering a few secular words respecting the invisible pedal organ and the general deficiencies of the instrument, when the loud, thick, slow, and deliberate voice of the duke was heard. He was standing

in the central passage near his pew, under the organ-gallery, and no one had ventured to pass his Grace under such conditions.

‘Rich—play—the—other—four—verses,’ said the duke, in his usual minute-gun style.

‘Here was a delightful exposure,’ you will say. Not at all. The four verses were sung; the duke noted, in a more or less musical sense, every line from his own very particular copy, and the easy-going people either repeated part of their previous exercises, or made up something ‘out of their own heads;’ perhaps not much inferior, if I remember rightly, to the additional ‘last words,’ manufactured evidently by one whose forte did not seem to be in the poetical line or lines, as exhibited in one sacred and undisturbed volume.

CHAPTER X.

Epitaph—The Duke's Band—The Queen's Visit—Banquets
 —Fruit-Trees on Dining-Tables—Victoria Lily—A
 Fairy Child—Paxton's Ingenuity—Water-wheels—
 Artificial Ripples—Inverted Plants—The Shah's
 Remark—Loyal Nobles—Great Expenses—Burleigh
 House—The Crystal Palace—Planned at Chatsworth
 —A Small Freehold—The Duke's Forbearance—
 Accidental Shots—Dovedale—Gigantic Dice—Rous-
 seau and Voltaire—Voltaire's Greek—Two Political
 Clowns—Dovedale to Ashford—Hartington.

TO THE CHERISHED MEMORY

OF

J. F. RICH.

'Rich in humour, rich in modest worth ;
 His goodness perfumed by perpetual mirth ;
 A faithful friend in time of wealth or dearth ;
 In hope and trust receive him, Mother Earth.'

MANY were the delicious chamber concerts
 arranged by the talented and favourite Coote,

master of the duke's musical ceremonies. Richardson, the famous flute-player, Grattan Cooke, Bauman, and many others knew this lordly mansion well. His Grace generally had a small, permanent band of brotherly artists near him, and exquisite were the strains produced by these excellent performers. Even the powerful duke could play a small joke now and then in a friendly, familiar way. Once when Coote and others were deeply engaged in their musical task, the duke roguishly asked Coote to take a cigar. He bowed to his Grace, and said 'he would, with many thanks,' but he did not say exactly 'when,' seeing that he had a perpetual accompaniment on his hands. The duke tempted him in various ways, and feigned a mild astonishment at his abstention; then, quietly taking a cigar and lighting it, he placed it in the astonished artist's mouth, before all the assembled notables. These kindly trifles help to show how the friendly, lulling winds blow in the neighbourhood of truly gentle and noble natures.

The Queen, when young, like humble people, desired to see this wondrous fairy-palace, with all its artistic treasures, grand conservatories, sculpture galleries, and the magnificent grounds which encircle the spacious building. Great and princely were the preparations. Gorgeous banquets were arranged, at which small pear and other fruit trees were placed, in pots, on the dining-table, so that the guests could pluck the luscious fruit for themselves from the trees. One dish was filled with cocks' combs, as a rarity; for the duke would have his special luxuries at table, as well as Swiss or Russian cottages in the grounds, to remind him of his travels and expensive, imperial usages. Or, if he tarried in his course, there was the ever-inventive Paxton close at hand to suggest new worlds of taste and improvement to conquer.

The great 'Victoria' lily was made to contribute to the royal pleasure. A fairy child, one of Paxton's daughters, I think, stood on a gigantic leaf of this marvellous lily, unsupported by any kind of art. I was greatly interested by one of Paxton's devices. It was

found that the great leaves sadly missed the varying ripple of a natural stream in this greenhouse lake. He made a number of small, narrow water-wheels, no larger than a dinner-plate, surrounded by little troughs, like those in an 'over-shot' mill-wheel. Taps, only dropping, filled every now and then these tiny troughs, which just touched the water; the wheels lurched round, and gave a needed ripple to the water, just in accordance with the leafy wants, which were not those of a continuous character. The idea and operation were admirable.

I believe that Paxton, in his incessant efforts after novelties, actually planted gooseberry-tree cuttings upside down, in order to present, as he thought possible, downward instead of upward thorny points to soft and delicate fingers. The experiment was certainly tried, but I never heard the result, and I leave this prickly subject to be discussed by botanical Henslowes and other studious men.

From an oriental point of view, well might a half-savage Shah advise, as it was said, our

Prince to 'cut a few heads off' similar subjects; though I believe no more loyal supporters exist than many of these Shah-suspected nobles.

No wonder, it was said, that the young, hopeful, and royal lady frankly confessed her great desire to see that wondrous festival performance repeated.

But even imperial fountains of wealth are not always overflowing. Great nobles can scarcely move without enormous expense. Large houses and grounds must be kept up; scores of servants and domestic officers must be employed; and thus, of these riches, much is expended and distributed among many classes.

I know not the household figures at Chatsworth, but when I went to Burleigh House, near Stamford, many years ago, and saw the splendid paintings and ceilings, by the greatest masters, I was told of a large Rubens picture of a slaughtered ox, removed to a not very inappropriate position near the kitchen. The room was a large apartment, with massive walls and spacious fire-place, probably part of a most substantial and 'convenient place' for a monk-

ish 'rehearsal' of a substantial and restorative character.

It was said that an assistant painter sighed for the hand of a comely cook, or other servant. Whether his views were considered to be 'cupboardly' or otherwise, I am not aware, but the artistic lover was not acceptable, and the enraged painter placed the domestic for ages not in his pictorial 'heaven,' but in 'another place,' where 'matches' are superfluous.

I inquired,

'How many servants sit down to dinner here every day?'

'When we have no company, seventy-four.'

Thus at these vast palaces is wealth distributed through the various ranks of men in a manner much more beneficial to the country than by an opposite course of hoarding capital after a miserly fashion.

Even lavish expenditure, like abstract speculation and theorising, often leads to practical and beautiful results. If Wellington rehearsed his greatest battles on the 'cricket-fields' of Eton, our 'fine old English nobleman, one of

the olden time,' might have said, with true manly pride, and without much selfish affectation, '*We* made the marvellous Crystal Palace of Sydenham at my palace of Chatsworth.'

In Chatsworth Park, near Edensor, few visitors would notice a small plot of land, surrounded by trees. In the centre, however, was a freehold cottage, belonging to one of the duke's own workmen. For many years attempts had been made to effect a purchase, but always in vain; and I need not say that no intimidation had been used, or it would probably have been effectual. The great and small enjoyed their sacred rights, and each respected the other, although one of the persons was so peculiarly situated.

This fact reminds me of a similar case in another county. My grandfather possessed a detached freehold orchard, which lay near the centre of a squire's estate. I suppose the chief family had gradually acquired the neighbouring plots as time went on, without being able to secure this particular land.

'Three corner' voting is an old institution

in England, and my relative had ventured to vote 'two to one' against the squire's interest. This fact, combined with the orchard question, did not increase the squire's good humour, though in this case, as at Chatsworth, it was more likely that the great property had been gradually accumulated than that a small part of it should ever have been forfeited by an actual and powerful possessor.

The squire was shooting in his preserves, and his gun was pointed towards my ancestor, who called out, in surprise, 'Don't shoot; I am here.' The gun was deliberately lowered without a word, and no harm was done. But I mention this circumstance to illustrate the feeling derived from old feudal times, when the powerful were not always very scrupulous in their conduct. My relative was a firm, calm, and intelligent man, not at all liable to sudden suspicions and illusions, as his neighbours well knew; and his belief as to the squire's intentions may be taken to denote considerable doubt whether a few 'accidental' shots might not have 'strayed' towards him, had he not boldly

and firmly stood his ground and remonstrated. Happily, we can now scarcely realise such conditions of life; but the story was often related in after years, and the original impression was never effaced.

You could spend many long vacations roaming to and fro among the varied hills and dales of Derbyshire, from the mysterious Peak to romantic Dovedale. What scenes of entrancing beauty, ever varying with each turn in your path, each different 'stand-point,' each sudden variety of sun and shade. Rugged rocks, tossed here and there, as if monstrous giants had been playing at dice with rocky cubes, exerting tenfold more vengeful power than even Hayward strikingly suggests with regard to a grim, iron, German chancellor. At the Devil's Glen, in Ireland, the favourite Satanic game appears to have been gigantic marbles.

Fastidious anglers, however, often find the gentle stream of Dovedale too clear and shallow for their piscatorial happiness. Verily, the patient Isaac Walton himself must be there in person to win the 'silver darts' from such a

tranquil and transparent habitation. I fancy even Isaac, with all his untiring skill, would have to desist occasionally, and make a few of his delightful notes, when his other seductive promissory lines produced no useful effect on the sluggish, incredulous fish.

It is astonishing to note the almost invariable effects of patience and perseverance in various pursuits, serious or entertaining. I have watched three anglers, one easy-going, a second full of energy, but too impatient, a third, called by the select title of 'Gentleman Blank,' who was never known to lose a chance by want of caution or undue haste. He would wind up his bait nearly to the point of the rod, and then silently pass it through the smallest gap in a number of thick bushes, where you would say there was no room for jerking the spinning minnow. He managed it, however, and, after many days' fishing, each competitor would occupy his regular position as to success with scarcely a single exception.

Near this superb Dovedale lived Rousseau and his 'mamma,' when he and Voltaire were

planning their histories of the French revolution, written by anticipation, for a restless and rarely contented people.

By the way, how strange it seems that, after all Voltaire's learned discussions and Persian quotations about 'cherub' and other words, he 'had never in his life learned the Greek language.' A late author tells us this, Sir Archibald Alison, if I mistake not. An English scholar wished to hear Voltaire read 'Homer,' in order to note the difference between English and French Greek, when Voltaire made the reply as given above. You perceive that these linguists were always 'harping' on language and its various 'daughters.' Rousseau grumbled terribly at our sleet and snow and rain. You really may at times meet with a deal of 'weather about' certain parts of Derbyshire.

Then, no doubt, 'madam' was the counterpart of our English farmer, who wondered that even 'little children in Paris should speak French.' That was all very well, but 'dash his buttons if he would ever learn a language

where "o, u, i" spelled "we." The universal, all-grasping Comte would stand but a poor chance with pupils such as this one.

The following paragraph appeared at the beginning of the disastrous Franco-German War. The prophecy proved to be literally and severely correct.

'The Parisians resent any trifling with their national melodies. Lately two "grotesques" gave great offence by their fiddling "variations" on the "Marseillaise." No wonder; the satire was only too evident. We saw two rival clowns, of different nations, professing harmony, with much bowing and scraping, yet practising discord, and resorting to every known 'shift' of diplomacy as to who should be first fiddle; while the beguiled multitudes looked on, hissed down objectors, urged on the combatants, and in the end will be requested to pay for the whole performance.'

When the dreamy philosopher Rousseau, in his variegated dressing-gown and 'nightcap' of 'liberty,' and madam in her bib and tucker, stood shivering at the porch on a breezy day,

doubtless they thought that the English might be hospitably sensible, and repay the great favour of a visit by talking in the ‘universal’ and only rational French language.

Then you may wander through smiling meadows, secluded valleys, or over rough and rudely-sloping, stony roads, from Dovedale to Ashford; one such descent reminding you of the ‘Winnets’ of the Peak. Note a large white inn at Hartington, frequented by huntsmen in certain seasons; but where are the every-day customers? Echo gives but a very vacant answer. There may be cave-dwelling hunters of the ‘Erl-king’ order residing in this cheerful wilderness, but I fancy that earls of mortal shape and appearance are, like angels or Erl-kings’ visits, few and far between. I have no wish to injure the property of my Lord of Devonshire, but I confess that the tenant should be, and doubtless is, a farmer, not quite dependent on this silent hostelry, like another expectant ‘Dennis Bulgruddery.’

CHAPTER XI.

County Names—Hospitable Houses—Thirteen at Dinner—
 ‘A Friend of the Brave’—Calcott’s Music—Darley
 Stone—Haddon Hall—A Bazaar—Ghostly Visitors—
 Mr Allcard—A Hydraulic Ram—Arkwright—Den-
 man—A Favourite Mule—Miss Nightingale—Castle-
 ton—The Mines—No Proper Opening—Charon’s Boat
 Tapers—Dantesque Procession—Samuel Wesley—
 Ancient Rivalry—Dr. Gauntlett—Derby or Darby—
 Sivori—A Luna’tic Asylum—Good Effects from
 Moderate Means—A ‘Burning Row’—Trumpets and
 Hautboys—Substitutes—Richardson—Improvements—
 Pitch and Temperament—Discordant Orchestras—
 Duplicate Instruments and Keys.

As we stroll along, we hear the names of Ark-
 wright, Strutt, and the ancient house of Hurt,
 at Alderwasley. Many an excellent chamber-
 concert has been given by this accomplished
 and hospitable family, assisted by a friendly

circle of clever artists. How singular was one incident which occurred in this beautiful mansion! The merry guests were all assembled at dinner, when suddenly Shultze, a talented German pianist, half-rose from his seat, whispering, 'My Got, we are thirteen!' He intended quietly to retire, but the observant hostess caught the dreadful sound. 'It is now too late,' she said, with affected composure. Alas, within the threatened 'year,' the worthy host slept with his antique fathers in their resting-place; thus tending to confirm the invincible popular superstition.

Here is Darley Dale, where lives the renowned Sir Joseph Whitworth.

He has been engaged in many 'battles of life.' A few readers will recollect certain long walls of immense extent, erected to shelter bullets in their course. These walls occasioned a prolonged battle between the winds and Sir Joseph. When the walls were laid low by the wind, he did not wring his hands, write desponding poetry, or show a tendency to faint, but on each occasion he gave orders to sort

the materials, and rebuild those walls ; thus, in the end, he conquered.

He is known throughout the world for his 'perfect surfaces,' minute gauges, ponderous machinery, and splendid national gifts, causing him to rank among the 'Medicean stars' which illumine society, and influence the human race.

He was the first great improver of the noted 'glittering tube,' which has been described (and chanted by Calcott) in rather loud and lofty language.

' Friend of the brave, in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid virtue looks to thee for power.'

Certainly, until all men become lamb-like and docile, these tubes will be needed, as well as brave men to handle them, when the undaunted engineer has finished his task.

Calcott's music, mentioned above, is very little known. The piece, like the poetry, almost ventures into the 'dashing sublime,' but this tendency to inflation would have formed no obstacle to its popularity, perhaps rather the contrary. I believe the words are generally

supposed to refer to a Higher Power instead of a gun, and have therefore been included in the category of sacred music, and unfit for secular use. If this point were fully understood, the florid work might occasionally please a popular audience.

It was said that the famous Darley stone would have been used for the Houses of Parliament, but for a financial 'mistake' of one kind or other.

We pass romantic and beautiful Matlock, which is a joyful surprise to all new-comers. Not a hundred miles hence is the 'Cold Bath Fields' establishment. The inmates appear to be very happy and comfortable. For my own part, I always preferred a 'wet sheet and a flowing sea,' but I have known several patients who were wonderfully restored by the moist appliances.

Haddon Hall, too, we visit during a gay bazaar. The venerable rooms are decorated with modern ornaments, and all the bright attractions and persuasive eloquence of ladies are brought into play.

See the moss-grown footpaths lined with box borders or other plants. Here walked the ancient noble dames and chatted over war-like knights and ardent lovers far away. See the chapel, with its old 'confessional,' and hear the echoes resounding through the spacious rooms, so that you involuntarily tread more softly, thinking of ghostly visitants who 'might, you know,' wish to gaze with spectral eyes at this startling, daring, innovating crowd of living human mortals.

At Mr. Allcard's charming house, designed by Paxton, you may see a powerful hydraulic ram, used for forcing water to a fish-pond high on yonder hill.

Then we trudge along for many miles, noting Arkwright's primitive factory, driven first by an undershot, then by an overshot, water-wheel. Then past Ashford and its marble quarries, and the ivy-covered, sheltered house, with a trout stream a short distance from the front, in a most picturesque and secluded vale.

Then we pass on, with many a 'quip and crank,' hearing the name of Denman and a

favourite riding-mule, saddled with all the care usually bestowed upon a race-horse. Miss Nightingale's name is mentioned with due respect, for all her acts of affectionate attention to the sick and suffering.

At last we find ourselves at the celebrated Peak of Castleton. We visited the 'Speedwell' and 'Blue John' mines, and the then almost dangerous peak cavern. We were very fortunate, for numerous visitors, many of them ladies, were about to brave the watery dangers of Charon's boat. The only entrance to this great cavern then seemed like a very low, small doorway over a dark, running stream. All, ladies included, were packed two and two in a large orange-chest, as it appeared to be, and they drifted along, lying flat and motionless, with the damp rock but a few inches from their serious faces. This tedious process, I suppose, was thought to add mystery to the sublime. Then we saw the 'chapel' and the high, hollow peak at the end, and heard the awful reverberation of several shots. We also viewed the lofty cone illuminated by brilliant rockets.

Truly, a most surprising sight to every novice in the art of underground explorations.

Each lady carried a taper in the long procession, so that we thought of Dante and his unearthly pilgrimages; now stooping as if in reverence, now almost recoiling from a new and more dreadful sight. Nature rewarded us with the most beautiful view of all, when we again caught sight of the azure atmosphere at the entrance, called the 'Devil's Hole.'

Here stood I and a romantic companion one evening in the dusk, hearing the rooks and, I thought, owls cawing and screaming over this abode of supernatural wonder. We had rambled on for several days, far from headquarters, youthlike and heedless, when we ventured to compare, not exactly notes, but our silver cash; we found that our account at the village inn could not be paid in full, and yet leave us funds sufficient for a journey by coach.

It was afterwards said that I looked very serious. I know that I felt so, but my elastic friend seemed to consider the event as the best possible joke in the world. Here were we in

this out-of-the-world place, unknown to anyone there present, for the fine old vicar Bates, whom we had come to visit, was away by some mistake.

My friend seemed more delighted than ever. He offered his watch to the friendly landlord as a pledge; but no, strangers or not, he would trust to our honour with perfect confidence. Never did I enjoy delicious home-made bread and perfect butter more than in that clean and welcome country inn. Visitors will abound when the new railway is completed.

Vicar Bates was doubly interesting to us, as he was a son of the celebrated Joah Bates of Handel Festival notoriety. He led us into ages past and gone, and could trace back traditions almost to Handel's time. So much did he reverence the great composer that he even spoke of a very old ostler at Castleton, who well remembered changing horses for the immortal musician when he passed through with his 'great lumbering coach and four' in bygone times.

The vicar was a fine specimen of the real

old school. Strong, stout, and large-boned, fond of the classics, and especially classical music, he would delight to sing 'Tears such as tender fathers shed,' or 'Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains,' in truly massive, Handelian fashion, not forgetting a ponderous shake on a favourite low note. He was much beloved.

It was strange that I should meet a son of Samuel Wesley and the son of Joah Bates at the same time, both well recollecting the old family feeling which I alluded to on a former occasion.

Deeply interesting were the interviews. A neutral ground was courteously preserved when both were present; then, when one retired, additional notes were given 'aside,' explaining certain competitions; the perfectly confident statements of each ambassador, when not confronted with a cross-examining counsel, were highly entertaining.

I was not then aware of the anger of celestial minds; for, when I mentioned Dr. Gauntlett's extemporaneous 'Meditations,' Dr. Wesley stopped his ears and would not listen to a word.

The two doctors had been neighbours in their youth, and the result proved the truth of an ancient adage.

Wesley looked upon Gauntlett as a 'bump-tious' amateur who had 'picked up' his music in scraps from the elder Wesley. Gauntlett said that old Wesley would never seriously teach his clever son. Who shall decide? I will only say that, had I possessed the power of a Prime Minister, having command of much-needed national funds, I should have joyfully presented both the doctors with national fellowships. Both were very useful in their different paths; Wesley as a cathedral organist unsurpassed, and Gauntlett for his many organ experiments, his writings, and his unwearied diligence in matters relating to the king of instruments.

Wesley was relieved in a slight degree from carking care by a small government pension, but I believe I shall now wound no one by stating that Gauntlett, in his later years, was not in very prosperous circumstances. In spite of artistic differences, I can only say that, in

wealthy, willing England, these things ought not so to be.

My young friends may take courage when they learn that even doctors are but pupils of a larger growth, and suffer the arrows of outrageous criticism as keenly as the smallest scholar. Gauntlett was present on one occasion at the parish church of Leeds. Wesley played a little known chorus by Handel as a concluding voluntary. Gauntlett was never stingy in my hearing respecting Wesley's later attainments. He said that Wesley played it remarkably well, in his close, compact, unbroken style.

After service, Wesley espied his not especial 'friend,' and he burst forth into a torrent of apologies. 'He had been suddenly asked by a meddling amateur to play this horrid chorus, and he had foolishly consented. He would never do such a thing again.' Gauntlett conveyed his honest praise to the excitable performer. 'Nonsense; I never played anything worse in my life, and of course *you* must be present to hear it. Never again, ask me who

may.' You see, my young readers, that, as I once said, a great man's standard is always much above himself and his interpretations. Thus I thought the tale might be not unprofitable to anxious juniors.

When Mendelssohn played Bach's G minor fugue and the Toccata in F at Christ's Church, Newgate Street, I think at that time a few extreme upper notes must have been wanting in the pedals, for Mendelssohn altered two or three passages, but with the greatest success. He made a few trifling 'slips' on an organ which was strange to him. When he had finished, he said, in a self-convicted tone, 'Shame, shame!' thus showing you that great men are very difficult to please. Several experienced judges present did not echo the sensitive accusation.

Vicar Bates was much disturbed about his once melodious village-bells. In former times, destructive 'renovators' were not admitted to the interior of ancient churches, in order to try their 'prentice hands' on the labours sanctified by ages of thought and scientific know-

ledge. They therefore tried their inharmonious blacksmith hands on bells and other things. 'If only these beautiful bells were duly, or unduly, filed all round the striking portions, they would emit a double-octave kind of sound, most surprising and attractive in its effect.' So it was said. This was before the time of Vicar Bates; you may be sure of that.

He would soon have banished in right royal style an applicant who would dare to propose such a ridiculous alteration. The absurd experiment, however, was, unfortunately, made, and the effect was, as the vicar expressed it, more like a pantomimic gong than the soothing, sweet, old lulling sound. Let this be a warning to 'innocent' incumbents and their meddling advisers on various church 'improvements.' Many of these 'fads' will never stand the test of time and experience, however many examples may be counted in support of ephemeral fashions; for transitory must every innovation be which is not founded on the eternal principles of science and long experience.

I hope my readers are, like myself, fond of a

‘pronounced’ opinion on the sound of certain words. The desire for a definite decision undoubtedly haunts many of us, though we are apt to be convinced against our will, as may be the case on this occasion.

Vicar Bates and another worthy were at Derby station long ago, and the true sound of Derby was discussed with earnest, scholastic ardour. Words like ‘Chumley,’ ‘Foskey’ for Fortescue, and other mysteries, were debated by the vicar and his friend, who, by the way, had a most accurate ear. He would say in his pithy style, ‘If you want to know a man’s name, you must ask his grandmother.’ The referee fixed upon for the ‘Derby’ contest was a former well-known, obliging station-master; and, as his grandmother was not at hand, they were obliged to depend upon the respected old giant himself.

‘Well, sir, common people call it “Derby,” but gentlefolks always say “Darby.”’

‘This,’ said the sly, learned critics, ‘unmistakably decided our future course.’

Like the Latin pronunciation question, I fancy

there must be a wonderful alteration of 'electoral districts' before Epsom and Derby people become of one mind and tongue on this disputed point.

'Sivori' once haunted the vicar for several nights, unfortunately without his unequaled violin, which might have diverted the sleepless scholar. I inquired, purposely, of a cultivated Italian. Alas, he could give no absolute opinion. We now seem to suppose that Sivori's grandmother placed an accent on the second syllable.

Certainly, tone and accent affect the hearer in a remarkable manner, if they are accompanied by national characteristics, when noticed for the first time. An English lady of my acquaintance was in strict and uncompromising Scotland on one occasion. She and a female friend were returning from kirk one 'Sabbath,' and she much wished to know the name of a certain large building. 'I'll tell thee the morn,' was all the answer, fearful as the northern lady was of uttering even two 'idle words' on such a particularly Scottish day.

On Monday, however, the reply was given.

The Scottish dame plunged, without any preface, into the secular question, regardless of the interval which had elapsed, and said, mechanically, 'It is a luna'tic as'ylum.' Now, as both these words were accented differently to our English custom, and my friend at length combined the previous day's rebuke with this comical correction, we are obliged to say that an irresistible smile, not to say English laugh, rather disconcerted the austere Scottish matron.

Formerly, sacred music was diligently cultivated in Derbyshire and other rural places. I much fear that there has been a falling off in the band and chorus department. Our railways have undoubtedly conferred innumerable benefits upon the country, but they seem to have tended towards destructive concentration in certain cases. Villagers now rush to the nearest great centre of enterprise and talent, and they often return home discouraged by their own shortcomings.

This is a great and serious drawback to a hoped-for general advance in various studies. It would be well for each smaller town to show

more courageous self-reliance in home education — never desisting merely because it is overshadowed by superior forces. This was the old and steady principle of our fathers, and much enjoyment is lost, much foolish idleness is introduced, owing to the want of local perseverance and determined effort.

There was a stentorian singer at Tideswell named ‘the mighty Slack,’ much belying his languid name in his vocal efforts. His tombstone may yet, I believe, be seen in Tideswell churchyard, and he was looked upon much as my ‘Mammoth,’ described in a former page. Slack was, however, not the model of my conquering hero, but I doubt not they were twin brothers in art, and did a roaring trade at village oratorios, and on other grand occasions.

I have been delighted to hear in a Derbyshire village an excellent performance by a well drilled native band and chorus. It is astonishing how much can be done with a few fiddles, a couple of ophecleides, and a steady chorus. There was no conductor. The leader

gently beat time with his foot, and the effect, in music like Handel's, was far superior to that produced by an ambitious and more numerous band of badly tuned instruments. A robust tenor sang, it is true, 'Let the bright seraphim in burning row,' but I suppose the ladies dared not aspire to this seraphic height. All was steady as 'Old Time,' as we say, when we refer to a concert chronometer of unblemished character.

There was one comic allusion. The tenor disturbed our notions of cherubic serenity when he turned the word 'row' into 'a row,' pronounced like a popular outbreak, and, when he repeated 'burning a row,' with great emphasis, the head-and-front offenders in the reserved or rather 'unreserved' rows responded to his exertions with a somewhat dubious grimace. The trumpet part was played on a bright old fiddle, and this arrangement produced a much better effect than a second-rate trumpeter would have done.

A similar remark may be applied to indifferent hautboy players. In country places fiddles

make excellent substitutes. Deducting all these minor points, I am convinced that few institutions are more important in a parish, for many reasons, than such a one as I have delineated.

One remarkable band deserves a word or two, as it was perfectly unique, so far as I know. It consisted solely of ten trombones, and was attached to Atkin's menagerie. We missed the far-reaching, martial trumpet, and the rich, old mellow bugles; but the lower instruments suggest many thoughts, as these trombones, drums, and fiddles large and small, are about the only perfect instruments in an ordinary orchestra.

Equality of tone is a great virtue in a voice or an instrument, but the mere combination of similar sounds does not contribute additional charm or power, as great organ-builders know very well; therefore the ten trombones produced an effect perhaps more curious than actually important or instructive; always remembering the great advantage of hearing

perfectly harmonious chords from very good performers.

While you can produce thirty or forty notes from some of the 'reeds,' you could express a thousand different sounds from strings and trombones. The defects in reeds are so considerable that prolonged fifths on two hautboys are often excruciating. A bassoon melody, in the key of five sharps, would be alarming to refined ears. Of course more labour would not be expended upon an instrument than was necessary; the reader will therefore judge of the difficulty when I say that an experienced maker assured me that he had bored twenty-nine holes in a single flute.

It is amusing to note the remarks of clever men, when they once step out of their own departments. In a 'Life' of either Sir C. Lyell or Sir A. Alison (I forget which), one of them congratulates himself and a young companion on the delightful harmony they produced from two flutes, as compared with the 'inferior' notes of violins! The 'harmony' of 'two flutes' has become proverbial. You can 'enjoy' a similar

throbbing, uncertain effect by playing chords on the 'Wald flute' stop of an organ.

Of course the ridicule attaches chiefly to youngsters and common flutes. Much of the discord is conquered by enormous practice and patience, accompanied by a sensitive ear as to the nice gradations of sound required. It was said that the late Mr. Richardson, the famous flutist, could 'whine' up a scale almost as a violinist can slide his fingers on a violin-string; but this exercise of admirable 'lip service' is a very rare accomplishment, and the efforts of complacent juniors are often ludicrous in the extreme.

By means of firm, screw mouth-pieces, trombones, trumpets, and horns could be tuned to the greatest nicety, and a very small screw and wheel would be most valuable on a violin or 'cello, similar to those on a double-bass. It is clear that, as we advance in knowledge, and become involuntarily more critical, some improvement in these matters will become absolutely essential; either by duplicate reeds on the clarionet principle, or some other agency.

I reprint the following letter on the subject, which might be fully discussed before a desirable uniformity of pitch should be adopted, involving great expense and inconvenience. The two objects of pitch and temperament might be combined.

DISCORDANT ORCHESTRAS.

To the Editor of the Manchester Courier.

SIR,—In order to improve our harmony, I suggest the use of duplicate flutes, hautboys, and bassoons, like the clarionets. For pianos and organs, a slide from right to left might shift one note in each octave, leaving room for a total of five or six duplicate strings or pipes. The finger-keys would not be altered or moved, but only the five or six swivel or jointed levers. After much thought and experience, I freely present this idea to all who may work it out, and I name it

THE DUAL TEMPERAMENT.

December 23, 1882.

CHAPTER XII.

Mysterious Traditions—Strict Rules in Mines—Cessation of Labour—Workmen Stifled—Large and Small Dividends—Private Land Invaded—A Gigantic Elephant—A Labourer's Voyage—A Sporting Rendezvous—A Gorgeous Picture—Good Entertainment—Edensor Inn—Picnic in the Park.

MYSTERIOUS traditions floated in the air, from days long passed away, concerning workmen who were said to have been stifled in certain mines, in order that the offender might claim the ever-varying seam and work it, if the neighbouring miners should cease their labours but for twenty-four hours on working days; so jealously were these operations guarded when minerals were scarce; and every inducement was offered to enterprising agents who were

willing to engage in the risky task. You may judge of the many fluctuations, when I say that a friend mentioned his few shares in a similar mine, which produced a return to him at the rate of a thousand a year. I asked, 'For what time?' He replied, 'About a fortnight;' thus intimating that the capricious metal might vary in thickness from the size of a 'tobacco-pipe' to the dimensions of an ox.

As an innocent new-comer, you might have been, in former times, much surprised to see your favourite meadow one fine morning embellished with various gigantic mole-hills, made by the law-permitted explorers, without even asking your leave for this astonishing invasion of your 'castle' rights. I believe that these attempts could be made on any property, at a short distance from a house or ornamental garden. 'Necessity' seemed to have very peculiar 'laws' regarding vested rights; reminding one of other 'lead and iron' enactments, made by daring and ambitious statesmen.

A word or two on skeletons. One extraordinary animal was found in a quiet Derbyshire

lane, which would have puzzled many of our Sedgwicks, Lyells, and Bucklands. A peasant was walking home one evening on a silent road, doubtless haunted by many a traditional 'boggart,' or other ferocious enemy. He looked behind him, hearing mysterious sounds, and saw in the dim twilight what he declared to be a 'walking haystack.' Now, I had heard of a floating haystack, but never of a peripatetic specimen.

When I first visited Northamptonshire, I asked whether I had arrived at my destination. 'Yes, sir,' said the railway-guard, 'this is Wansford in England.' My informant smiled, but I looked somewhat indignant, and I felt inclined for a moment to resent this gratuitous information. I found, however, that the joke was perpetrated on every new-comer for the following reasons:

A sleepy harvest man had indulged in various draughts of 'bottle beer,' and he afterwards fell into a lengthened nap on a haycock, which was carried away, bearing the weary sleeper on its fragrant pillow. Drifting down the stream

in a most exceptional manner, the truant haycock brushed against the bridge, and woke the man of scythe and beer propensities. 'Where am I?' cried the voyager, in the greatest alarm. 'Why, at Wansford, to be sure,' was the positive reply. 'What, Wansford in England?' inquired the doubting traveler, expecting perhaps to find himself at sea in more senses than one. Thus the saying became proverbial, and was incessantly repeated; in fact, it generally accompanied the name of this well-known sporting rendezvous.

To perpetuate the tradition, a gorgeous picture was painted by Van S. N. Eucks, and was called the greatest sign of the times. This noted work of art was publicly suspended in front of the celebrated 'Wansford Inn,' as a lasting proof of the exciting story and the authentic portrait of the hero.

Falstaff himself might have 'taken his ease' with the greatest satisfaction at this famous hostelry. He would have found the very 'best entertainment for man and horse,' as many other world-renowned nobles and commoners

have discovered to their inmost and complete delectation.

Here you might have seen tremendous German princes quietly going to church with the hearty farmer landlord's family, in a truly rural, friendly, and edifying manner. At inns like this and the one at Edensor, similarly conducted, you might rely upon a hearty welcome, excellent provisions, and, if required, a weighty hamper rapidly prepared for your picnic, full of tempting morsels carefully packed in delicately tinted paper, to be in waiting for you, say, at the old water-mill in the park of Chatsworth, as I can fully testify.

My tale, however, refers more especially to an alleged 'walking haystack' than to stacks of provisions. The wondering peasant peered into the distance, and waited for a nearer view of this doubly inflated Derbyshire megatherium, which, catching sight of the intruder, gave out one of its peculiarly stunted snorts, like a half stifled trumpet suddenly cut short in its sneezing propensities. The alarming creature really and truly was fully six feet higher than any other

elephant ever seen, alive or dead. Our terrified inspector turned on his heel, adjusted his cap, which was almost thrust from his head of straightened hair, rushed down the haunted lane, and related with bated breath an account of this very animated haystack in a quadrupedal form.

The gigantic apparition might have alarmed an experienced traveler much more highly educated than our bucolic friend. The animal's owner had packed up not only his 'trunk,' but also vast heaps of canvas used for a circus tent, and so arranged in breadth and height as to resemble a magnified elephant.

It was lucky that certain millionaire showmen never heard of the creature thus adorned, or we might have read of the Great Ten Ton, Woolly, Derbyshire Megatherium, assisted by considerable extra padding in the shape of pamphlets and other advertisements. I am not sure whether any 'Barnumese priests' attended the elephant in Derbyshire; perhaps they were otherwise engaged.

CHAPTER XIII.

Latin Plays—Westminster Scholars—The Two Great Houses—‘Fossores’—A New Canal—‘Keep Your Eye On It’—Peculiar Action of Water—Charles Matthews—His Great Trick—An Abstainer from Water—Medical Advice—Sometimes Superfluous—A Patent Infringed—Hobson the Water-Carrier—Rates by Rail and Water—Canals Desirable—Burton on Rivers—Camden and the Trent—A Memorial to Hobson—An Indian Tale—Lamentable Ignorance—Disappointment—Lions in the Path—The Incurrible Charles.

A FEW months ago, a column of Latin appeared in a London newspaper, which contained many startling items of intelligence. It was said to be the work of certain Westminster ‘scholars,’ and we were informed that ‘water was good;’ that ‘it would run down a hill of its own accord,’ with several other astonishing novelties.

Certain Westminster performers have played many wonderful pranks. At one time they appeared to be in the 'clouds,' at another time they seemed to be croaking like classical 'frogs,' and allusion was once made to the 'cackling of geese.' Of course reference is here made to the Westminster players, and not to the two great houses which are specially licensed for the production of legitimate comedy.

'Fossores' were introduced and other officials in a Latin dress, who all seemed to wish that water should run in a certain direction, at a given depth, and at last make its way to the sea down an inclined plane. As we are often imposed upon by charlatans, it was deemed advisable, during our rambles, to ascertain the truth of the aforesaid novel proposal; in other words, I resolved to keep my eye on the water movement.

The operation reminds me of our cheery friend Charles Mathews and his marvellous 'umbrella trick.' He imitated a certain 'Wizard of the North' to the life, and equaled him in many conjuring performances. Instead of

a northern title, Charles chose the mysterious form of 'S.S.W.' He stalked across the stage with a peculiar 'Grecian bend,' displaying a wonderful amount of bustle and activity, as the original model did, with bulgy slippers and a shuffling, restless kind of movement, delightful to witness.

An umbrella was suspended in front of the curtain. Charles directed our special attention to this proposed 'great trick of the evening,' and he requested each spectator to 'keep his eye upon it' perpetually. He drew forth a dish of fish and water from a flat portfolio, and gave us many specimens of his marvellous versatility. After all these miracles, he retired, and the curtain fell. We were greatly disappointed. However, the obliging actor pushed aside the curtain, and again appeared.

'Ladies and gentlemen, I wished you particularly to "keep your eye" upon this umbrella. The fact is I lately bought it at a rather high figure; and as one never knows what may occur behind the scenes, with so many people about, I thought it best to demand

your kind assistance. He then let down the umbrella by means of a rope and pulley, and carefully secured it, concluding with, ‘I am really very much obliged to you, ladies and gentlemen. Good evening.’

We must endeavour to discuss the ‘original’ Latin statements with all due deliberation and discretion.

One *assertion*, that ‘water is good,’ requires to be qualified by the addition of the words, ‘This depends upon place and circumstances.’

Water in parts of certain counties is often boiled, and then allowed to go cold again, to prevent any tendency to goitre and other ailments, as people think. Others drink rain-water, filtered, and never touch the dreaded liquid cold, except in bathing operations. Our friend Rich was consulted as an authority on things in general. ‘I don’t know,’ said the ingenuous philosopher. ‘I really never tasted it.’ He was wise. Lord John Russell could not live for ever, and operate on Rich, if necessary.

Thus you perceive that even the greatest

men will occasionally differ on vital points. I honestly believe he never had tasted cold water since he came to man's estate and 'years of discretion;' and this lapse of time no doubt rendered the task of recollection difficult.

On another occasion, Rich was all abroad in London, and he seriously questioned the sanity of a distinguished practitioner.

'I suffer dreadfully from rheumatism; what can I do to cure it?'

'I only know one course open to you, and that is, go and live in Derbyshire.'

'I have lived there all my life,' replied the astonished patient. [A fact.]

But what was the meaning of the other Latin statement? I greatly fear that it was an insidious attempt to veil the infringement of an ancient patent, granted long ago to Hobson, the 'water-carrier' of Cambridge.

As to the advantages of water carriage, I lately read in the *Pianoforte Dealers' Guide* that an organ was recently brought from Belgium to London by water for fourteen pounds, and that the charge by rail from London to Durham, for

the same weight, would have been one hundred pounds! Thus, whether a canal is desired at Manchester or elsewhere, there can be little doubt that, after full discussion and overcoming many obstacles, such a valuable channel will be ultimately made.

Quaint old Robert Burton is exceedingly sensitive on the subject of rivers. He points out the importance of combating nature, and not allowing her to get the mastery.

‘Another eyesore is that want of “conduct” in our rivers, which is a great blemish, if it be neglected. There was formerly a channel from Trent to Lincoln navigable, which now, saith Mr. Camden, is decayed; and much mention is made of anchors found near St. Alban’s.

‘Good ships have formerly come to Exeter, and many such places, whose channels and havens are now barred and rejected.’

I am compelled to say, after earnest investigation, that the Westminster scholars did combine together to deprive the ancient Cambridge carrier of his greatest discovery; to wit, that water does, speaking generally, descend by its

own peculiar gravity down an inclined plane. I notice this fact because I am particularly anxious that Hobson's character should not be in any way assailed in public at the present time, as I fully expect to hear of the erection by Cambridge men of a useful institution, dedicated to the memory of such a renowned benefactor. Doubtless the hint here conveyed will be sufficient for the purpose.

I will close this chapter with an amusing tale of Indian life recently communicated to me. An intelligent lady in Calcutta wrote to a friend in England something in this style:—"A gentleman arrived here lately, and his company is much sought after. He is highly accomplished, evidently accustomed to the best society, and is gifted with most fascinating manners. He speaks two or three languages with great fluency and eloquence; but geography is one of his weak points, and his notions of Anglo-Indian civilization and progress are most astonishing. For instance, he was greatly disappointed, he said, when he came to Calcutta. "Why?" you will ask, I am sure. Because he

saw no lions and tigers in the streets, as he expected! Was it not very strange of him? And what a pity to betray his ignorance so openly. I really am sorry for him. His name is Mat something or other; I forget the surname.'

It was only after the lapse of considerable time that our 'home correspondents' discovered that the 'surname' was partly Thews, and required the prefix of 'Charles.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Impulsive Legislation—Reflection—An Evergreen Story—
 Lord John's Theory—Common Rumours—Reckless
 Driving—Proctors in Haste—A Chess Problem—Red
 Tape—Sound of 'M.A.' and 'B.A.'—Irish English—
 Denver—The Elder Disraeli—The Rather Reverend
 Dean—A Funeral Wail—A Cheerful Lecture—Curious
 Epitaph—An Old Miser—Lasting Memento—A
 Commercial Epitaph—A Lake Poet.

AT Cambridge there is said to be a tremendous chasm between a Master of Arts and an undergraduate. One may choose his own independent course, or roam to fresh fields and pastures new, while the other must not venture beyond certain bounds. One helps to make rigid university laws—and we admit that he rarely ventures to break them; the other must obey

these laws, like other 'unhappy' men, while he has no 'voice' in the matter except on certain very noisy occasions.

Well, students afterwards admit that the restriction is a very salutary one, and prevents many extraordinary mistakes which sometimes arise from popular and impulsive legislation. The delay gives time for thought and consideration, and it leads young men to long for the 'blessed time' when they too shall be 'free and independent;' though even these sanguine, would-be rebels generally sober down and lose their romantic eccentricities in after-life. A 'freshman's' gown is a fearful trial, as it reveals the 'shameful' secret of a 'green' new-comer. His estimate of gowns is very different from that entertained by ladies. He never seeks for scented drawers to enclose his bright new garment. No, his first impulse is to injure it most cruelly, and take the horrid new colour out as soon as possible. Nothing can be too shabby for a college gown, 'because then, you know, one may be taken for a third year man, instead of a mere greenhorn fresh from school.'

Stupendous difference; and yet real enough to Cambridge eyes.

Very great was said to be the difference between an independent M.A., a sheepish B.A., and a lamblike N.A.; these letters will suggest many other considerations. The term 'sheepish' was ingeniously employed because a B.A.'s chief apparent honours often seemed to consist in being 'allowed' to read the lessons in chapel and to wear a sheepskin hood. The propriety of this involuntary chapel-reading may be doubted. It might with great advantage be left to sober volunteers who have minds adapted to the duty.

Lessons and 'grace' were often gabbled over in a marvellously rapid and inelegant style, surprising to the uninitiated. I have heard of a Latin 'grace' in hall, which was a rough translation of 'Tristram Shandy,' but fortunately taken at such a prestissimo pace as to be unintelligible alike to students and tutors, and only revealed afterwards by the gratified chief performer.

Certain ever-ready wags fancifully classed

the three degrees named above as, 'M.A.,' 'may,' 'N.A.,' 'nay,' and further reference was made to the bleating 'B.A.'

The 'may and nay' question can be illustrated by an ever-green Cambridge story, which, if not *vero è ben trovato*, unless we adopt little Lord John's theory, which he announced in his usual emphatic and lofty style—'The honourable member ought to be conscious by this time that common rumour is generally a common—' shall we say fibber, as we are now 'expected' to be more reserved in and out of parliament?

Reckless driving or riding is not allowed to undergraduates. The proctors are very much abroad, in order to guard against this and other offences. One of them appears to be in great haste; either he is anxious to overtake certain recollections, or he is thinking of his favourite chess problem which to-night he is to establish in the presence of professors Bishop and Castello. He has named it the 'don's gambit,' as it comes from Spain. 'A knight and one shabby pawn proceed to attack the queen's castle; all

the other pieces rapidly advance, and the assailants are checkmated in three moves.'

The 'bull-dogs' hurry through the streets because to-night the 'proc' does not wish to be long detained. They rush down lanes and round the many corners, traversing miles to the proctor's furlongs, and they catch him exactly in his straighter course, just as their genuine canine friends manage to join their masters.

We require the aid of Sydney Smith again, with his upside-down illustrations. Students are ordered to wear their caps and gowns after dark. I need not say they very often try to evade this necessary law, for such it is; as townsmen might be taken up by 'bull-dogs,' and then the universe would be on fire, and a thousand miles of local red tape brought out and examined to show where the privileges of town and gown began and ended.

A bull-dog arrives in breathless haste, and informs the 'proc' that Sir Dashaway Nimrod has been riding a thorough-bred horse most recklessly.

‘Pull him off, pull him off,’ says the proctor. This is easier said than done, but the ‘proc’ is thinking of his problem.

In a short time the panting bull-dogs again appear, but terribly down-hearted and abashed.

‘Please, sir, we find that he is a Master of Arts.’

‘Oh! put him on, put him on, this very moment.’

Thus were these sacred traditions handed down, like many others in Cambridge, to show how history should have been written, according to students’ infallible notions.

These little sounds M.A. and B.A. provoked many linguistic cogitations, particularly the ‘sheepish’ B.A. A waggish Irish clergyman once instructed me for a few minutes in English pronunciation. I will call him Denver, as I shall have to relate a small anecdote concerning him. He was a true Hibernian for fun and frolic, and he informed me that respectable, well-educated English sheep ought to say ‘bay’ instead of ‘bah,’ in accordance with the prevailing rules of our language. I ventured to

say that I thought the sheep ‘said’ ‘ba,’ like the first syllable in ‘banish,’ and intermediately between ‘bah’ and ‘bay.’

I think Disraeli the elder refers to this in his ‘Curiosities,’ when alluding to the Greek pronunciation, thus adding another to the thousand instances existing of the desire to form a standard of language, if possible. I leave my readers to judge between ‘bah’ and ‘bæ,’ confessing my own willingness to surrender several of our flat, nipped-up sounds when applied to learned languages. I know that almost ages ago, when Italian vowels were scarcely thought of with us, Dean Thorpe pronounced ‘verba’ much as I have interpreted the ‘sheepish’ view of the question. This may form another hint for our ‘Pronunziamento Society.’

I recollect a learned Scotch professor giving various excellent examples of Scotch, English, and continental vowels in Greek and Latin orations, and also from Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost.’ These long quotations were all from memory. The difference was very striking, and he did

not by any means spare his own countrymen. ‘Ofe mahn’s feerst desobadience and the frewts,’ with other extended northern beauties, produced a burst of uproarious laughter.

My lively friend Denver told me scores of diverting tales. One referred to his ministry. When he first went to a new living, one of his chief parishioners frequently neglected to attend church. The reverend gentleman met him one day, and regretfully mentioned the fact. Luckily Denver could enjoy a joke in any shape, whether against himself or anyone else.

‘The fact is, your predecessor preached twenty minutes,’ said the very practical and not altogether irrational auditor, who thought that the orator’s ‘enough’ was much too extensive for a ‘feast’ of reason. ‘You preach forty minutes, and therefore I adopt the very simple rule of coming once a fortnight.’ Not a bad idea.

One story illustrated the danger of employing classical allusions without first calculating the acquirements of a mixed company. At a public dinner one speaker became so eulogistic of an

ancient worthy, and excited the interest of most present to such an extent, that he proposed a toast, to be drunk in solemn silence, to the memory of Marcus Aurelius. This was accomplished, and deeper researches were about to be made, when one gentleman, anxious to increase the general sympathy, rose and said that as the 'Marcus,' though unknown to him, had been so very well received, he had great pleasure in proposing the health of the marchioness.

Denver was a very pleasant companion, overflowing with quaint stories, and full of conversational oddities. His brother in Ireland, perhaps living near the 'melancholy ocean,' seemed to be, for a wonder, chary of words; at least in his epistolary efforts. My friend could adapt himself to any company or any correspondent. He was 'gay with the witty, sombre with the grave.' The brother wrote, thinking chiefly of his own desires:

'DEAR D. .

'How long does an English congregation take to become reconciled to an Irishman?

'Yours truly,

'A. DENVER.'

The 'naturalised,' elastic joker was in a moment ready for the occasion, though he had most anxiously desired and expected full information on family topics and other matters.

‘DEAR A.

‘I think about thirty years.

‘Your affectionate brother,

‘DAVID DENVER.’

Surely no Irish question was ever settled with fewer words or less waste of time.

The reader will not the less appreciate the story on being informed that this quaint stroke of humour was indulged in before the introduction of a cheap system of postage.

Denver would have related an anecdote like the following with infinite glee and satisfaction. It appeared in *The English Churchman*.

‘A circular has fallen under our eye containing an appeal for a new church in ———. One of the committee is the *Very* Rev. ———, *Rural Dean* of ———. We hope this “very rev.” gentleman is not responsible for this sublime affectation. It almost matches an anecdote

once told us in a railway-carriage. A real dean was accosted by a clerical friend, who had just been appointed rural dean. The rural dean, fresh in his honours, appealed to the real dean, to know what prefix he was to claim for himself. Said the real dean, "They call me 'the Very Rev.,' so you would be the 'Rather Rev.,'" The newly-raised cleric marched off in excellent spirits and temper, and perfectly innocent of there being any joke in the matter.'

I shall never forget one Sunday afternoon, when I dined with Denver. We had hoped to enjoy a quiet hour or two between morning and evening service. Unfortunately, his attendance was required at a funeral. He invited me to join him, and on our way suggested that I should 'play a few chords,' which would 'greatly oblige' his official friends, who were mourners on this occasion. I assented, and I approached with trembling curiosity this gipsy king of instruments; for I had heard that his majesty endeavoured to combine a certain glittering show with the tinkering business. I was not, however, fully prepared for the amazing

consequences. Truly, the range is considerable, from the full-voiced, sound-chested monarch to a wheezy, tremulous, short-winded specimen, whose 'notes' would scarcely pass current in any sound, solvent society.

At the last moment, the expected blower was not forthcoming. What was to be done? A friendly churchwarden volunteered his services. He was qualified in every respect save one; he was deaf, and he reminded me of that exciting picture in which a deaf post-boy is riding furiously onward, with his horse and shafts, while the unfortunate intended bride and her lover are left to the tender mercies of an enraged parent. My official friend might have sat for the portrait, having a round, stolid, and yet anxiously obliging cast of countenance.

Good organs are provided with an escape-valve, so that, when the bellows are filled with wind, a portion is allowed to depart in peace, in order not to blow up the inflated agent. Unhappily, there was no escape for me or the organ. I made a sign to the amateur blower, and he proceeded to exert himself with fearful

earnestness. Soon the swelling bellows reached the 'action,' as it is called, and a wonderful reaction immediately ensued. A howl came forth such as our most advanced apostles of the future have not yet ventured to introduce to our notice. I made frantic signs to the energetic man to behave more moderately; but, to my grief, I found that he construed my movement as implying the need of still further exertions. He pumped away with a forty-fireman power, until the entire instrument groaned out a protest worthy of an arm-and-elbow duet, when these awkward agents are laid on the keys by an inexperienced pupil. Surely such a horrid 'voluntary' was never heard before nor since, on such a solemn occasion.

I glanced down at my friend Denver with an awe-struck expression, expecting him to be white with ecclesiastical rage and excitement. No. I mentioned his power of adapting himself to circumstances. There was little more to be read in his placid countenance than a slight tinge of pity, either for his friend or for

me; I could not quite tell which. After the least fresh movement on my part, my assistant resumed his delightful vocation, and again was heard an excruciating remonstrance from the ancient machine. The old organ howled even when all the stops were shut in.

I scarcely dared to meet the reverend man when all was over. I much feared he would say that 'we' did the atrocious act, in accordance with the ancient claims insisted on in a well-known tale, in which, however, the wind was not raised to this remarkable height and pressure. I suppose that clergymen become, by constant practice, politely callous. I detailed the circumstances with a woe-begone face; for I assure you I never felt more serious and humiliated in my life.

My statement was received with a strange twinkle, of a tragic-comic nature; and he dexterously turned the conversation by relating several other absurd adventures which he had met with in his varied experience. After I had recovered to a certain degree, he remarked,

'Sure, I thought you were giving us a sort

of "funeral wail," like that sometimes heard in your orchestras on "very grand" occasions; copied, no doubt, from our funeral scenes in Oirland.'

He also mentioned, in his buoyant comments, a small but amusing incident which occurred in his Sunday school, at a tea-party. He had been delivering a speech of a very cheerful character, interspersed with diverting anecdotes, in an 'Ingoldsby' style, peculiarly striking. A pleasant titter greeted his last words, when the grave old clerk arose, and gave his official consent in the indispensable 'Ah—men!'

I was at length somewhat soothed and comforted; but I may say with perfect truth that I hope never to take part in another 'we' duet where a deaf partner can exercise such a frightful power over 'the keys' of peace or misery.

Another story bearing upon the question of classical toasts in mixed company created much amusement. A banquet was given to a popular hero in London, and, after a number of toasts and compliments to him, the romantic enthusiasm of the younger guests began to develop,

as he happened to have a very beautiful sister. A young Demosthenes, wishing to air his learning and also convey to a few present his state of adoration, contrived to introduce the word ‘*adelphe*’ into a toast. A guest, not equally learned or sharp-witted, was not to be outdone on the subject of favourites, and he therefore begged to propose, in very warm language, one additional toast—The Lyceum.

During my rambles I met with a curious epitaph. The departed hero was a man who had pursued his ‘worldly’ course with a special tenacity and single-mindedness of purpose. In fact, he ‘stuck to one party, and that was himself.’ His charity, if it ever began at home, certainly never journeyed beyond the threshold, and, if he was ever guilty of the weakness which attends charitable deeds, his economical right-hand supporter never once communicated the fact to his sinister member.

Instead of enjoying his fortune and witnessing the cheering effect arising from judicious and well-directed generosity during his life, he appeared to have hoarded his treasures in a

selfish and miserly spirit, until the time came when he 'must' leave his ill-gotten gains to be divided amongst those who gave him no special thanks for an act which he could not very well have avoided committing.

His 'grateful' friends rewarded him in a suitable manner by proclaiming to all the world his unwise and grudging character, instead of cheerfully hailing him as a generous benefactor, if he had behaved with more beneficent consideration.

The following lines will convey to the reader the peculiar estimation in which the miser was held by an admiring circle of appreciative relations :—

Here lies Ralph Nield,
Buried in his own field,
Aged threescore and ten.
He never did any good,
And, in truth, he never would,
If he had lived as long again.'

No bad comment on a life passed without yielding pleasure to the selfish possessor of wealth, nor to those who might reasonably

have hoped for his timely and easily afforded aid.

A lady assured me that she saw the following ‘utilitarian’ epitaph, and copied it, in the lake district :—

‘Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Lies the late landlord of the “Lion”;
Submissive now to heaven’s will,
His son keeps on the business still.’

Truly a very peculiar specimen of the ‘Lake School.’

Another memorial from the beautiful land of flood and song ran in something like the following strain :—

‘She was sharp-tempered, deeply religious, and first cousin to a countess; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’

CHAPTER XV.

Ernst—His High Position—Sivori and Vieuxtemps—Paganini's Music—Debate—An Italian Bach—Sivori's Execution—Expression—Paganini's Disdain of Sentiment—Thalberg and Sivori Challenged—The Result—Ernst's Pathos—Vieuxtemps—De Beriot—Violins Injured—Reiterated Notes—John Parry—Vieuxtemps' Appreciation—A Clever Diable—Parry's Rejoinder—Beethoven's Quartets—Lord Lytton—His Reception of Ernst.

I WILL now endeavour to give a slight sketch of Ernst, the celebrated violinist. I have no hesitation in calling him, as a player, the Beethoven of the violin. He, of all the instrumentalists I have heard, would have been the fittest companion of Beethoven and the best interpreter of the great master's profound pathos and his superhuman aspirations. The two devoted artists were in many points similarly constituted.

We learn from Moscheles and others that Beethoven was so exacting in his demands upon himself, his instrument, and the art in general, that he often failed to interpret even his own music with anything like the perfection which a cultivated auditor might have been led to expect. And these shortcomings arose, not from the want of enormous powers of execution, but because he could not resolve to contain himself within merely human bounds. Led by his all-grasping, impetuous temperament, he often sought to seize the impossible standard proposed by his gigantic mind, which soared high above all ordinary powers of expression.

The two musicians would have aspired and struggled and wept together over those limited, material agents of interpretation which fell so far short of their own perfect and etherialised ideal, and their exalted notions of the sublime and beautiful.

Instead of acquiring greater nerve and confidence by frequent public appearances, Ernst seemed to become more and more anxious and

excitable. He was indeed 'finely strung.' An impressive, yet self-composed musical Siddons might have often said to this great instrumental Talma, 'Ernst, you are excited; compose yourself.'

True it is that an artist must indeed deeply feel if he would make others feel, but not so deeply as to be overwhelmed himself. Frequently when his high position was fully secured, he trembled like a tyro at his first performance. His bow quivered in his hand, and the wonder was, to those who were near enough to judge, how he ever contrived to bring forth those long-drawn, yearning sounds so profoundly affecting to all who knew the trying ordeal through which he was passing. We have heard of the 'stage fright,' but the 'platform fright' is not less exciting.

His great rivals in art were Sivori and Vieuxtemps, but how different were all these three masterly players. Ernst and Sivori followed their pre-eminent model, Paganini, in many of his journeys; both claimed to be his pupils, and many were the letters published as to the sole

right over certain precious musical manuscripts left by the great Italian maestro. Great was the public excitement at the time, yet both might have been well content to rejoice in an equal division of inheritance, so different were they in their separate walks of art.

Sivori, as I previously stated, was perfect in tune and execution, exceeding even his master in these two particulars, and therefore admirably fitted to play the music of Paganini, who may be called, with justice, the Italian Bach. Many striking similarities occur in the works of these composers in this grand and almost superhuman style, which is not even yet fully comprehended. Here Sivori was in his proper place as a great executant; but, though he was far from being an unimpassioned player, his great object seemed to be to interpret his master's music as no other artist could, with respect to tune and execution, and apparently caring not much for any extraordinary pathos and expression. In fact, as in the case of Bach, Paganini's music was scarcely adapted for such treatment. While 'scholastic' may be thought too hard and limit-

ed a word for the German and Italian worthies, the term is not quite inappropriate when we discuss the merits of these lofty men, who almost seemed to disdain the emotions of sensitive humanity. Paganini must not be judged by mere 'carnival' eccentricities.

It was singular that critics should challenge Thalberg and Sivori to play the music of Mozart and Beethoven, as if doubting their mere executive capacity to perform more than their limited number of pieces. They had both laboured incessantly on the most difficult works ever written for their respective instruments, and they could play, in a technical sense, anything then composed.

They both accepted the challenge. Thalberg chose Beethoven's concerto in C, and he played it with perfect ease and certainty; yet leaving something to be desired, which Liszt would have introduced.

Sivori led one of Mozart's quartets, and the mere notes were as child's play to him. In truth, he could not restrain his executive display, for he rendered some of Mozart's lovely

melodies in octaves; thus, as many thought, endeavouring to paint the lily, and gild the passionate writer's gold with something of a Sivori kind of polish.

Here, again, Ernst, if not so absolutely perfect in tune as Sivori, even in an 'easy' quartet, yet would have imparted a sweet and loving earnestness to the melodious and affectionate composer's themes, which perhaps would have more than compensated for the minutest defects in intonation, to which he was subject, but which never occurred in Sivori's performances.

The great Vieuxtemps presented us with the vigorous and majestic side of Beethoven. His playing in the stormy duet in C minor, with the pianoforte, was the most masterly interpretation of this work I ever heard. His energy and precision of attack were unexampled; so that Beethoven, had he been alive, might have said, 'Ernst shall play my grand adagios, and Vieuxtemps my tempestuous allegros.'

Vieuxtemps was dismissed by his master, De Beriot, at twelve years of age, that noted tutor declaring that he could teach him nothing fur-

ther. Thus early does genius assert itself, and, when combined with labour and opportunity, marches onward with unfaltering steps to the highest regions of artistic excellence.

Thus we see that each of these three great artists had his special gift and position. Vieuxtemps often demanded, like Ernst, more in tone from his favourite instrument than it could fairly produce. I believe that he ruined several good violins with his crushing power and vehemence. Part of this destruction might have arisen from his delight in re-iterated notes with a single stroke of the bow, as in his famous elaboration of Beethoven's lovely melody in the 'Kreutzer' duet. He had imbibed this style of bowing from De Beriot's playing and his 'Studies' for the violin; though he far exceeded his master in absolute violence. While De Beriot's tone was bright and powerful, I never heard it exaggerated into roughness and unpleasant crispness.

I believe that nothing injures even a good violin more than these repeated notes, rudely executed as they must be when this style is

but partially mastered; and it is no doubt dangerous until the performance is really perfect. A common violin should be made the scapegoat. I once attempted one or two of these pieces in a quiet, diffident way, and I fancy that my violin never fully recovered. I know that I did not touch it for years.

I am enabled to erect another ‘musical milestone’ as to the highest interpretation of certain masterpieces, for the benefit of less gifted aspirants; bearing in mind, of course, the fearfully exacting terms demanded by lofty talent, as in the case of Mendelssohn crying, ‘Shame, shame,’ when he failed to completely satisfy himself with regard to Bach’s organ music.

Vieuxtemps came to visit a very clever amateur, whom I will call Newran, who had played for years at Brussels with Vieuxtemps and Servais. A few personal traits may be thought interesting. Newran said,

‘Why, Vieuxtemps, you are not looking well; you have lost your hair.’

‘Oui, I have made a great sickness,’ replied Vieuxtemps, just as I have written the words.

We all heard the inimitable John Parry the same evening. His pianoforte touch, his taste, and execution were so exquisite that he played at that time to no disadvantage immediately after Thalberg. Vieuxtemps was delighted, and stood leaning against an entrance-door, literally roaring with laughter at the flashes of comic genius which Parry displayed.

Coming downstairs, Vieuxtemps and Newran were just behind John Parry. After Vieuxtemps had 'made his great sickness,' my friend said to him,

‘Speak in French.’

Vieuxtemps, still chuckling over Parry's wonderful absurdities, said in French,

‘Mon Dieu, this is a clever diable,’ and again he laughed most heartily.

John Parry turned round with his unequaled serio-comic, sallow countenance unrelaxed, and said, gravely, ‘*Merci, monsieur.*’

You may suppose that the merriment was not much diminished. I mention these trifles just to show our young friends how much was thought of the noted ‘John’ by natives and foreigners.

Cousin Jonathan's first object in life is, of course, to save time and trouble; he therefore made a short and easy translation of '*Vieuxtemps*,' and called him '*Old Time*.' [Fact.]

The chief point in the conversation, however, was this, concerning the later wondrous quartets of Beethoven.

'Well,' said *Vieuxtemps*, 'I play one or two, Ernst plays one or two, and some of them none of us can play.' This, as I inferred, must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt; that is, with respect to the high and mighty standard of perfection reaching to the skies, and apparently not attained by the most daring and accomplished climbers.

Vieuxtemps also remarked, with regard to Beethoven's colossal quintet in C for stringed instruments—'It is exceedingly difficult to play properly; in fact, a perfect performance of the work is very rarely heard.'

These ingenuous confessions tend to console less gifted aspirants when they fail to accomplish all that they could desire.

No one was more earnest than *Vieuxtemps*

when great music was performed. His whole soul seemed to be wrapped up in it; yet, as I have shown, he could in turn enjoy an unrestrained burst of hilarity. Therefore, without attributing the slightest improper levity to him or moody affectation to Ernst, I believe I may safely say that John Parry would have drawn but the faintest smile from the 'o'er-informed,' deeply impassioned, and often suffering Ernst. Latterly his nerves seemed to be shattered, his limbs were aching, and he appeared to be another Paganini, with more of lofty pathos in his nature than even the greater instrumentalist ever displayed in his proudest moments of success.

Ernst's character and playing might be condensed into one deeply touching and sublime composition, which he rendered with a tone so rich and powerful, an expression so elevated and penetrating, that I sincerely believe that no one since his time has ventured to dispute his complete artistic supremacy as regards this exquisite piece; I allude to the celebrated 'Elegy.' No more profound sighs and tears were ever derived from the pathetic violin.

Lord Lytton conferred great honour upon himself and our country when he dedicated one of his works to the renowned violinist, who was often a guest at the pleasant mansion of Knebworth. Here he could indulge in his romantic musical day-dreams, and rest for a time from an exhausting occupation which, as in the case of too many others, at the same time seemed to enchant and waste him away.

CHAPTER XVI.

School—Mistaken Leniency—Butterflies—Cruelty—Vegetarians—Ornament or Destruction—Mercy to Fish—Fishing Defended—Tales out of School—Change of Masters—Beneficial Result—The Russian Horn Band Answers by Deputy—The Dean Vanquished—Perfect Form—Examination—A Miraculous Escape—Liberty for Children—Happy Effects.

I HINTED on a previous occasion that our school arrangements were far from satisfactory. I allude to this subject for the purpose of warning public trustees not to be too ‘trusting’ in their ‘overlooking’ mistaken kindness. This amiable complaint abounded in Cambridge. The beautiful flower of leniency too often encourages the disagreeable weed of indolence. Our master fully availed himself of the opportunities offered for neglecting his scholastic duties.

Few cases can be cited which are more liable

to dangerous collusion than those in which heedless boys are co-operators with a negligent tutor. He follows with impunity his peculiar 'fads' and whims, and the lads are but too happy to wink at each other and the master's foibles when 'liberty,' as in other 'schools,' is degraded into flagrant licence and unlimited abuse.

We saw all the mysteries of natural history displayed before our wondering eyes. Bird-stuffing rather than boy-stuffing was the order of the day. The art was certainly very interesting and beautiful, but I fancy the master and fellows of Trinity may now learn, perhaps for the first time, a lesson respecting our progress in this kind of unnatural history. Great was our delight when a new bird was 'sat upon;' while we remained to act the part of a sympathising jury.

There was the tossed and ruffled bird, looking a perfect wreck of hopeless disorder. The feathers were carefully stroked out with marvellous patience and a great expenditure of time by 'Trinity clock;' each one being laid

on its neighbour with the greatest care by means of something like an ivory penholder. The 'body' was formed of cork and tow, with a wire running through to support the neck in a graceful curve. Sometimes wires were also inserted in the legs; the body of the bird was most delicately sewn together, and the previously disordered creature stood erect in all its pristine beauty and freshness, looking quite equal, if not actually better, than many a wild bird in its natural state.

Romantic little rocks were made of cork, artistically sanded from a 'pepper-box' on to a fine layer of transparent glue. Glass eyes, selected from a heap of varied specimens, were inserted in a masterly manner, and a few small artificial ferns or other plants were fixed to complete the 'transformation' scene. Then came the painting and glazing departments, during all which operations 'Trinity time' flew with that entrancing swiftness so delightful to youthful minds.

At another time brilliant butterflies would be impaled on thin sheets of cork, the poor things

fluttering for hours in this shocking 'cockchafer' fashion, merely because sulphurous flames were said to discolour the gorgeous wings of the stifled subjects. Surely public attention should be drawn to many of our unnecessary cruelties; a more gentle and humane process might be suggested and adopted.

If anyone should contrast this theory of gentleness with my occupation as a fisherman, I would remind him that until we all become vegetarians, a few thousand years hence, animals must be killed for human food, or, if not, even on the vegetarian theory, the over-sensitive supporters of that doctrine would be compelled to annihilate the various animal races, or we should be overrun by them to a ruinous extent. It is strange that I have rarely seen this point clearly alluded to, and yet the result must be patent to everyone who deliberately studies the question. I think, therefore, that the vegetarian system can be at once dismissed from consideration as a universal law intended by Providence, when so many ever increasing animals seem to have

been provided for something else than mere ornament or absolute extinction.

If we then grant that creatures must be employed in certain climates as articles of food, I venture to say that, with ordinary care, no victim need suffer so little pain as a fish when it is knocked on the head by a 'friendly' stone, directly after landing it. Of its prolonged sufferings I have elsewhere spoken, and I believe no sound argument can be offered for adopting such a barbarous course.

A fish seems to care nothing for half-a-dozen hooks more or less in its interior. I was once jocularly charged with fishing three days for a large sluggard of a trout, two feet long, which lay at the bottom of a transparent stream, and would not allow the smaller fry to seize the bait, nor would he himself accept the proffered delicacy. After breaking several lines and rods, I did, however, land the prize, when five or six hooks were found in his possession; and I feel sure, from many observations, that a fish in such a condition suffers very little from the prickly intruders.

Sometimes an evasive eel would, during the night, carry a line and hook into a crevice of the river wall. An experienced fisherman would not venture to pull against the powerfully resisting creature, but would bend a springy bough, and attach the line to it in a suitable direction. This gentle and perpetual 'persuasion' would eventually bring to light both the eel and line. An old watch-key is a useful addition to an angler's stores, to act as a swivel on eel lines.

Another plan was to fix a short line and artificial moth to a waving bough, and thus imitate the throw of a fisherman, while there was nothing in human shape to alarm the fish on a very clear day. This contrivance rarely failed to secure a prize, when we were worn out by employing 'fairer' methods for a lengthened period.

When there is a flood, or 'fresh,' as anglers name it, the fish are so energetic and ravenous in their habits that they will swallow almost anything. I saw one trout, about a pound and a half in weight, which had gorged sixty-four

minnows, three long black snails, and various other luxuries. Sometimes, when all our baits were exhausted, a bare hook would tempt the contending fish in muddy water, so jealous are they of a neighbour's appetite and its gratification.

Before returning to 'school,' I again assert that while several of our cruel sports will, I am convinced, be gradually abolished with the progress of our race in the paths of gentleness and humanity, no sport can be rendered less objectionable than that of fishing, if the operator be determined to act with mercy and discretion towards the captured prey. A strong line, though less deceptive, enables you to land the fish almost immediately.

As I never received one lesson in bird-stuffing and the much more dreadful moth-sticking 'profession,' beyond what I learned at school, I think the 'seniors' of Trinity and others will allow that I have made out a case of grievous neglect and abuse. In fact, so far did the evil proceed, that even giddy boyhood could not put up with it any longer. Two or three

scholars felt compelled to 'tell tales out of school,' and induced their parents to pay for their tuition under qualified university tutors, much to our benefit and subsequent satisfaction.

After a long and tedious spell of cruel kindness, too often noticed in public 'visitors' and others, the flagrant abuse of 'trust' was terminated, and the choristers enjoyed a much better form of education from another master. Under the old régime, we regularly counted our classes, and openly marked our words or sentences on the 'Russian horn-band' system, according to which each performer played his own limited part, instead of learning a column of 'spelling.' Even when a boy was summoned home suddenly, we gravely passed on our respective words, in order to fill up the unforeseen gaps thus made in our 'scale' of duty. These marked books were often positively handed up to the pedagogue for his guidance, yet I remember no case of public exposure or positive protestation.

Why should it be otherwise? We had all tacitly agreed to wink at our 'impositions' thus

daily inflicted on friends and collegiate trustees. Again, a mere 'cram' examination is worth but little. We went to the dean occasionally, and then, strange to say, our reticent and obstinate master would, to our astonishment, break forth into a Latin oration respecting 'Nomen multitudinis,' or some other antediluvian rule, and glibly quote, without a flaw, more consecutive Latin words than we had heard from him during the entire half-year at school. The dean was, naturally, overwhelmed in his collegiate citadel, and we returned like Roman conquerors to our usual fish, flesh, and fowl condition of certified scholars under our classical Cicerone. The master faithfully adhered to his bird's-eye view of our movements, and, according to his infallible Latin law-book, wrote himself down 'as in præsentî,' and for all future time; it was said that he scarcely ever arrived at 'perfect form at' all, except in an avi-ary.

I once alluded to Dr. Wordsworth's reading of the line, 'All went to be tax-ed.' I had good reasons for recollecting those words.

How often are children treated as if they

were footballs, or as utterly illogical beings. They frequently judge their 'judges' in their little republics, and bring in a righteous and sensible verdict. Nothing could be more absurd and embarrassing than the conduct described in the following lines.

Our master delivered an address at the close of a half year :—' Well, boys, you have behaved pretty well of late, and I propose to give you an extra week's holiday.' (Great cheering.) ' But, to keep you out of mischief, you will learn by heart the second chapter of Luke.' (Murmurs.) This blessed chapter contained fifty-two verses, and I could say a good part of it now. It haunted us every hour of the day. Most of the boys merely learned six or eight of the verses, and these were quite sufficient, for the orations in a large school would have occupied a week in delivery. Thus every notion of sense and justice was completely lost sight of.

No one values a good education more than myself, and I admit the necessity of occasional compulsion, but I question the wisdom of

learning long lessons after spending five or six hours in a school, or during what should be a genuine holiday. I should certainly oppose the adoption of such a course with children under twelve years of age.

The time is not all wasted which is spent upon cricket-fields, as many of us know. Let the younger boys, at any rate, be free from all care for a part of the day. In after-times numbers of anxious youths have increased in vigour as years passed on, owing to this perfect freedom at certain times; becoming every decade perhaps even stronger than they were formerly. Whether we speak of masters or scholars, the 'happy medium' must be our prevailing keynote.

I cannot conclude this portrait without mentioning what might have been a most tragical occurrence. Among other scholastic ornaments was introduced a powerful steel cross-bow for shooting rooks and other birds. This bow required considerable force to place the cord and a sling-like pad on the trigger. The movements were somewhat stiff, and oil was

applied; then the bow was violently stretched by the master, and loaded with a bullet. It is almost incredible, but true, that this trigger suddenly yielded, and the bullet passed through a crowd of idle scholars, banging against a wooden shed outside the school, without harming anyone; thus adding another feather to the bird-fancier's cap. Soldiers relate similar escapes.

Had the bullet proceeded in its course, it would have crashed through the front door of Sterndale Bennett's house. Such were the scholastic entertainments provided by Trinity funds—inadvertently.

CHAPTER XVII.

Classical Studies—Pierson—Hatton and Onslow—Dickens on National Neglect—Hatton's Accompaniments—Mendelssohn's Receipts—Bach's Widow—Spohr's Works—Degree of L. S. D.—Paganini—Joachim—Desire to Hear Him—Mr. Gambier Parry—Highnam Court—Harmonious Combination—Orations in Vain—The Tutor Appealed to—The Wrong College—A Talk with Tutors—The Son is 'Dashed' to Pieces—A Turkish Pasha—Public Exposure—Friendly Aid—An Aged Petitioner—Appropriate Gifts—A Circular Saw.

OUTSIDE the plodding, hard-working class of mathematicians, there was an elegant circle of well-educated men at Cambridge who delighted in the pursuit of classical learning, modern languages, music, and other polite accomplishments. These 'transcendentalists' could at that time scarcely expect to meet with anything like an adequate reward at Cambridge for their 'extra' labours.

This university regarded mathematical studies as the prominent duty of man, and several excellent classical scholars were either obliged to emigrate to more congenial quarters, or resigned themselves to an inferior position in the minds of the reigning authorities.

A man who might be the greatest classic of his time could derive no special benefit from his protracted labours unless he could first pass the mathematical examination. Much of this has since been modified. No doubt most teachers of science naturally fear a too great multiplication of subjects presented for study to the already perplexed and overburdened student. It would perhaps be difficult thoroughly to combine ancient and modern languages in the regular university programme. Still it was with great regret that we saw several accomplished men apparently lost in the whirl of variety, merely because their peculiar gifts led them into other than strictly mathematical paths. In artistic branches a similar difficulty and uncertainty appeared to exist. Mr. Pierson possessed a special faculty in musical composi-

tion, but for want of an appropriate sphere of action, and a steady adherence to laborious practice, he only achieved a comparatively moderate success, when his undoubted genius, if properly cultivated, would have rendered him the Shelley of English opera. There was, however, no such opening provided for him, and he soared instead with half fledged wings to the greater heights of oratorio music. His works were performed at the Norwich festivals, and met with many ardent admirers; but I have no doubt that his real forte lay in the course I have already indicated.

It is not to our credit that men like Pierson, Hatton, and Onslow should be compelled to seek a musical home in Germany and France, where they met with due recognition, while their efforts remain to Englishmen almost a dead letter, and at the very time when several foreign works of inferior rank are here received with considerable applause and admiration.

I extract the following suggestive paragraph from the *Musical Standard* (1870):—

‘Either England cruelly neglects her artistic

children, or she is dreadfully libelled by both natives and foreigners. The renowned Dickens was often severe, but seldom unjust; witness the following: "After enumerating an artist's many claims to public distinction, after specifying several of his works by name, and after pointing to the recognition he would have received had he belonged to a foreign state, Dickens said, 'It is superfluous to add that he died Mr. Stanfield; he was an Englishman.' On the musical side of the question, Signor de Begnis insisted upon Italianizing the good English name of Bennett, in order to secure a fair hearing for a native. To the astonishment of his friends, the great Italian showman 'underlined' Bennett in the bills as 'Signor Bennetti!' ('Ah! de Anglish vill not hav' you, if you com' out as the Anglish Bennett,' was the excuse of the Italian *impressario*.)" These strange facts demand consideration at the hands of a national parent, who opens her arms to all except her own offspring.'

Happily, times have greatly changed for the better since struggling Bennett's days.

Many years ago, Hatton proposed to write a pianoforte part to Paganini's 'Studies.' The addition would have been most valuable, but I am not aware that the project was ever carried out. In fact, many similar works of a difficult and elevated character especially need support and encouragement from either musical academies or from a national fund. It is a mere truism to say that the most beautiful and enduring works are not readily appreciated and rewarded by frivolous contemporaries. Such productions particularly need the assistance of those who are gifted with earnest, perceptive faculties, and who rejoice to anticipate the slow recognition of the many. Any serious student of history knows most confidently that, without generous and external aid, private exertions, however laudable, must often inevitably fail, to the loss and injury of our national reputation.

Mendelssohn received but sixty pounds for the greatest organ work produced since the time of Handel and Bach ; and his great oratorio 'Elijah' was performed at a loss in Manchester

for many years, while it was, nevertheless, declared by many to be second only to the 'Messiah.' The organ sonatas were published by subscription, after much solicitation, and Bach's works were hidden for a century, owing to the want of an international fund devoted to such purposes. Bach's widow depended upon parochial relief. Thus Europe remained in ignorance of gigantic productions, while enormous sums were spent on music in general.

Spohr's charming instrumental works were long delayed before they were printed in a complete form, to the grief of many of his admirers. And yet when, in after years, I wrote on this point to an enthusiastic promoter of musical improvement, he utterly failed to catch my general meaning, when he remarked that Spohr's music was [after a long delay] accessible to lovers of the art. I was well aware of this circumstance, but the principle still remained in all its force. We say, 'The king is dead; long live the king.' One obstacle is tardily overcome; then let us proceed to conquer similar difficulties.

In plain language, profound, laborious, and high-class works can never be regularly and generally matured in our luxurious and expensive country, unless a practical and prompt degree be invented by far seeing statesmen and wealthy, sympathising contributors, entitled the degree of L. S. D. Most of our highest intellects are fully aware of this fact, and it remains to be seen whether our generous nation will be much longer content to prefer gratuitous frivolity to fairly paid monuments of enduring national greatness.

Many a learned Frenchman has ere this devoutly given thanks for his annual 'three thousand francs' derived from the Academy; a trifling sum to a wealthy country, but of 'fundamental' importance to a profound author.

While thinking of Paganini's colossal music, I often wonder why the competent Joachim, who is now in the zenith of his power and ability, does not favour us with one or two of these great compositions. I know that he once modestly complained of Ernst's extensive 'griff,' or 'grasp,' when he was requested to

lead one of the quartets composed by the disabled violinist; and no doubt Ernst's longer fingers would lead him, like Paganini, to indulge in difficult distances. Yet I think we should miss a rare opportunity, if many years were allowed to elapse before such a desirable attempt should be made. If Joachim still fears the results arising from a more limited 'grasp,' I am confident that his auditors generally do not share in that apprehension, as his hand cannot be much shorter than Sivori's.

It surely is not true that Sivori has placed these remarkable compositions under lock and key, after the manner of Paganini and his matchless violin, now that the celebrated pupil is very rarely willing to gratify his admirers by a public display of their beauties. Whatever may be the cause, let us hope that the ripe and able Joachim will throw all doubts to the winds, and allow us to hear a complete concerto, if such a course be in any way possible.

Among the refined patrons of art, Mr. Gambier Parry occupied a distinguished position,

for which his elegant tastes and general accomplishments especially fitted him. His artistic embellishment of our cathedrals and churches established his character as a judicious artist. His beautiful church at Highnam Court, near Gloucester, is of itself well worth a pilgrimage. His carefully cultivated estate, his elegant mansion, adorned with studios and cartoons in various stages of progress, and his antique gardens in the Italian style, all combine to rank him among our most prominent apostles of artistic progress. I expected long ere this to be enabled to add a well-deserved prefix to his name, in recognition of his unwearied efforts in the cause of national art advancement and pictorial decoration.

In the company of similar spirits, often did Walmisley display his conspicuous powers of improvisation; in which art but very few, like Bennett and Wesley, could equal him. Mendelssohn alone could excel his clever efforts, which were generally in the style of Mozart or Beethoven's middle period. These assemblages, composed of this special class of minds, were

interesting in the highest degree, and were not soon forgotten by the delighted participators.

We are supposed to be a bold and business-like people, yet nothing can be more unpractical than our dealings with art, science, and literature. At Cambridge most of the details of departments are settled beforehand to the minutest particular; but take the case of the musical professorship, or the programme of an installation. Everything seems to be left to chance. An ode is to be composed, and the supposed fee is a hundred pounds. This sum is not sufficient for a good public performance, and the Professor must therefore undertake concerts and oratorios, as a single performance would be impossible, on account of the great expense.

I have known a Professor to be a loser to the extent of three hundred and fifty pounds, and yet no salary was attached to the office! I remember that many years ago a hint was necessary before even the 'hundred pounds' fee was forthcoming. It is true the sum of three

hundred and fifty pounds was partly made up by public subscriptions; but all this behaviour is quite unworthy of a generally liberal university. I feel certain that the confusion arises simply from a want of thought, and I therefore mention these necessary business details.

Everything should be distinctly provided for, and the musical authorities relieved from such a serious responsibility. I recollect that the Professor fainted on one occasion, owing to his exertions and his fears of consequences. Surely all these difficulties will soon be completely removed. It is clear that the ode should be discontinued or fairly provided for.

At some of our festivals elsewhere, poor authors are 'supposed' to receive, say, three hundred pounds for an oratorio; but, by a 'secret clause,' they are also 'supposed' to return this sum to a charity. Can anything be more absurd and un-English-like?

The future critic on 'London Bridge' will sum up thus:—'These Englishmen must have been either timid, or poor, or parsimonious.' Now we deny all these accusations; yet, as a

nation, if we occasionally reward real talent, it must often be effected through something like a commercial filter. Cannot we look genius frankly in the face, conscious of our enormous resources, and assist Newton, Wordsworth, or Burns without calling in the aid of Mints, Stamps, and the Excise Office? Surely before long the various anomalies related above will be utterly abolished, and our more dignified proceedings will be regulated according to the dictates of fearless generosity and English common-sense.

One quaint character at a small college was particularly devoted to the musical cause, but chiefly as an auditor. He rejoiced in the nickname of 'Nota Bene,' and his appearance was certainly strange and impressive, for various reasons. Though quite young, his hair had 'retired' from his forehead, so that a stranger might have wondered whether he was twenty-four or forty-four years of age. At one time he appeared to be a comedian of the Sydney Smith type; at another he assumed the import-

ance of a learned monk, and, in fact, he delighted in these confusing transitions. 'Sydney' would have hailed him as a most promising pupil. If any odd events had occurred, serious or laughable, 'Bene' was sure to know every particular. He first revealed to me the novel and 'blessed word Mesopotamia,' and also the equally 'blessed words' of Latin 'grace.'

He generally managed to cultivate the partial intimacy of two or three 'dons,' who were, doubtless, amused by his fun and powers of mimicry. He once resolved on a gorgeous entertainment. Walmisley and the dons were invited; delicate programmes were printed on exquisite satin-paper, and the evening was intended to eclipse any previous attempt known among undergraduates.

The hoped-for hour at length arrived, and Bene put on a most imposing and gracious appearance, receiving his honoured guests with the air of a grand seigneur. After an elegant supper, the extemporaneous performance by Professor Walmisley commenced. Alas, mischievous neighbours had resolved that 'Bene,'

or his grand party, should be turned into 'Male.' The stormy part of the extemporised sonata was allowed to develop without interruption, but when a soft and touching adagio had been partially heard, an external accompaniment in the resounding staircase did not tend to the increase of harmonious feelings.

Certain students of an industrious turn of mind had suspended from the highest floor an artistic combination of tongs, poker, and shovel; and these were deliberately drawn up the uncarpeted stairs, thus producing an exciting crash at each step reached by this formidable 'distraction' engine, reminding one of Goethe's awful 'Steps of Fate.'

The monkish 'Bene' advanced, with majestic mien, to harangue these Gothic disturbers of his harmonious cave, but nothing could be seen or heard of the audacious operators. He closed the door, apologising for his sinful brethren, and the concert was resumed. As before, the softer parts were apparently specially distasteful to these hardened offenders. No sooner had the delicate chords been struck, than 'crash,

crash' was sounded by this fearful and unwelcome gift of tongs. 'Father Bene' delivered an eloquent and impressive address to the staircase generally, but, though walls are said to have 'eyes and ears,' these, evidently, had no hands willing and able to applaud the orator. There was nothing for it but to 'sport the oak,' look furtively at each other, and then indulge in a merry fit of laughter; for it seemed to be an established rule of Cambridge life that comic men must have their way.

Strangers will at once inquire why the authorities were not appealed to. This rare course actually was adopted in the present case, but who was to 'throw the first stone?' Mr. Tutor and Mr. 'Bene' both had their recollections; they doubtless remembered certain pranks which were not always appropriate. The tutor, finding Bene to be almost in earnest, assumed a partially judicial air. 'Mr. Bene, if you speak to me, not as a friend, but as the tutor of this college, I shall feel bound to investigate the matter.' Alas, before they had proceeded much further, their own personal

shortcomings were presented to their memories, and the tragedy of ‘Crash’ was very soon extinguished, as neither tutor nor Bene could any longer ‘hold his countenance.’

The young Bene was very much surprised one day to learn that his father proposed to pay him a visit. Nothing could be more awkward, for Bene was slyly residing in college during the long vacation; a practice not then allowed, because fellows and tutors were often away at that time. However, he displayed an ingenuity worthy of his model, ‘Sydney.’ He received the intrusive and unwelcome parent with all due solemnity, showed him the various lions, and cautiously led him back to his hotel for several successive days. Of all things, his exploring father would like to see his son’s favourite college before he left the town. Here was another difficulty; yet Sydney junior was equal to the occasion. He certainly led his parent round a very nice college, and pointed out certain remarkable features, but, as Mr. Pickwick would have observed to this not ‘very nice’ young man, ‘The adventure was exceed-

ingly diverting, only it happened in the wrong college.'

The confiding father relied upon his darling son with unwavering fortitude, and another dreadful day was over, when suddenly pater resolved to 'have a talk' with the authorities of this very nice college, thus cunningly changed at nurse. Horrible thought! Yes, the old, practical merchant would like to discuss various matters—such as the prospects of trade, and the state of the Funds—with these learned calculators. Who could tell whether they might not see further into such vulgar fractions of life than he could?

'My dear sir, our dons care nothing for trade, commerce, and funds. Pray, do not think of it; you would disgrace me in their eyes for ever.'

The worthy merchant felt it to be his duty to uphold his parental rights.

'You be dashed, sir! I pay all the money; just allow me to have a little of the talk.'
[Fact.]

After a long conversation, Bene succeeded in weaning his father from such a dangerous pro-

ceeding, and, to his great relief, packed him off without ever seeing either his son's college or the tutors of that establishment.

Indoors Bene generally wore an immense scarlet and gold dressing-gown, ample enough to enclose an elephant, if not of the Derbyshire species. The flaming robe was secured at the waist by several yards of very thick bell-rope, as far as one could judge of the material, with imposing tassels appended, whether for 'pulling him up' or down, in his vague discourses, on the Gil Blas principle, we know not. He suffered at times from headache, which doubtless arose from his multifarious avocations, such as preparing satin programmes, and 'concerting' numberless experiments in the comic or musical department.

To assuage these pains in the place where the brains usually are, he was accustomed to bind his ideas together by wearing a weighty turban made of an enormous damp towel, thus representing something between a Turkish pasha and an insane vendor of rhubarb. But our Turkish friend did not confine himself, as

he ought to have done, to the Ottoman empire, but fearlessly and shamelessly ventured to take outdoor relief in the public streets. During a popular riot, he was positively seen thus attired, while a crowd of passers-by could only gaze with wondering awe at his serene composure and his unique costume. His father, after all, ought seriously to have consulted his son's tutors and 'governors,' if only he could have hit upon precisely the right college.

Following in the footsteps of Sydney Smith's perversity, even if Bene lent his kindly aid to a poor, hopeful suppliant, he was compelled by the inexorable comic law to introduce an outrageously absurd preface to his intended kindness. A poor little old woman asked for his assistance, and he gracefully acknowledged the proffered compliment. 'Oh, yes, he would be only too happy.' A parcel was carefully wrapped up, and the charmed recipient departed. The scrupulously guarded packet contained a jar of strong Chili pickles and a pair of tall, narrow Wellington boots.

Then came the ecstasy of a prolonged inquiry as to the agreeable results.

‘Well, Betty, and how do they fit?’

‘Very nicely, thank you, sir, but they are just a trifle too long.’

Then the tormentor politely requested his victim to take a chair. She could merely fall back with a single joint in her body and elevate her Wellingtons at right angles with her back. As to the other pickle question, I fancy her views coincided with those of another sufferer, similarly tempted by an equally original artist, who had never heard of Bene and his doings. ‘Well, sir, it’s really very tasty and nice, but it makes me feel just like a circular saw.’ And thus was always named a particularly pungent sauce, in memory of Bene’s twin brother in mischief and elaborate comicality.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Jenny Lind—Enormous Excitement—Liszt—Mawkes—Amusements—Town and Country—A Wise Scotchman—Music Forsworn—Letters to Spohr—George III.—Supposed Rebuke—Spohr's Travels—The King of Spain—Quartet-playing—Norwich—Advice—Resolution—Abandonment of Operatic Music—Early Precepts—Simple-minded Swedes—Italian and French Character—Swedish Beauty—Clara Novello—Her Voice—Yorkshire Breezes—Precautions—Mendelssohn's Opinion—Miss Williams—Mrs. Lockey.

I WAS once invited to listen to Jenny Lind, as we still generally call her. Though not given to the captious mood, and as free as most men from prejudice and cynicism, I confess that on this occasion I went to the 'extra grand' concert in a rather critical humour. We had seen so much laudation and puffing, so much exaggerated enthusiasm, that the present generation

can scarcely form an idea of the mania at its highest pitch. America vied with England in piling up compliments and extravagant praises. All the glaring, fulsome arts of 'magnanimous' showmen were resorted to. I have seen crowds of not merely gallery people, but ladies in full dress, blocking up the road near Her Majesty's Theatre, as if they also must secure their places beforehand, lest frantic admirers should intrude and deprive them of their dearly-bought privileges.

Tickets were sold at enormous prices, double or treble their original cost, and visitors in throngs rushed forward, much as they did when the beautiful fairy palace of glass designed by Sir Joseph Paxton was opened.

The rushing process seemed contagious, even when the elegant building was in sight, fearing, as people seemed to do in both cases, that the gifted songstress and the enchanted palace would dissolve into a baseless dream, leaving but a wreck behind. This is a very sober statement of an exciting period. Croakers had said that the transparent, slender fabric and the

famous singer's voice might at any time vanish, or subside into dreamy nothingness.

Jenny Lind had suddenly lost her voice, it was said, on two or three occasions; like Ernst and others, she was also 'finely strung.' Who could tell what whims and fancies might overcome her? Who can account for artistic fears and mysterious dread of punishment, for daring to enter these 'fire and brimstone' places called opera-houses? The slightest ailment was, doubtless, the sign of celestial wrath; and innocent Music, one of the purest and most elevated of arts, seems destined to be haunted by similar delusions. The sensitive and pre-eminent Liszt must needs appease offended Fate by becoming a priest. Our greatest English violinist, Mawkes, unknown to most of my readers, must surrender all his cherished hopes in the very flush of joy and victory, because of this 'dreadful' musical 'snare' of artistic entanglement. I may allude to him more particularly further on.

Verily, we are marvellously constituted. Even to this day, susceptible souls may listen to a

play or an opera, if it be only performed in a room, or hall, not 'soiled' by theatrical associations. Serious tourists may see in 'town' what must not be even spoken of in the country. We are reminded of the all virtuous Scottish divine, who had a hidden weakness for the string and bow. He very soon cleared his conscience and satisfied his hesitating, microscopic friends. 'Mine,' said he, with lofty, unctuous authority, 'is not a wee, sinful violin, but, on the contrary, a big, wise-like feedle.' If Scottish jokes are severely cross-examined and turned over, as we treat an unpaid letter, before they are admitted to the lofty metaphysical regions of full comprehension, surely a double vigilance must be necessary to weigh and estimate the awful difference between a soothing bag of pipes and a 'kist' of sinful, forbidden 'whistles.'

And yet a few people were found so wanting in mental power, so oblivious of minute distinctions, that they could not actually perceive the enormous difference between performing an opera in appropriate dresses, and demurely sit-

ting in rows, dressed in mourning, as it were, on this very operatic stage, and singing the very notes and words heard on previous and more cheerful occasions. The truth is that we are all bound hand and foot by custom and education, without the least regard to logical propriety. I am no advocate for a busy, noisy Sunday, and many others are more severely correct on this question, with certain marvellous 'reservations.' A game at cricket would shock most of us, on a Sunday evening; yet how many, who shudder at this thought, would abstain from skating, or seeing skaters, on a Sunday during a very long, bright, and 'exceptional' frost? We, like the Indians, have our 'white (frosty) elephants,' which no man is expected to resist. Can any sane man distinguish between these 'crimes?'

Mawkes, born and bred in our romantic Derbyshire, was Spohr's favourite English pupil, and he perhaps surpassed his fellow-pupils in an Ernst-like, passionate, all-absorbing devotion to his art, and in his impressive interpretation of the highest works of Beethoven.

On a voyage home, when all his laborious studies were at an end, and when his many admiring friends were anxiously awaiting his arrival, to fulfil positive engagements, he met with a violent storm. Yes, there could be no doubt that all this special and prolonged tempest, all these fearful misgivings and self-reproaches arose from this satanically 'wee, sinful feedle.' What a pity he did not choose the bigger and better part, so clearly pointed out by the 'wise-like' commentator. We might then have possessed, almost to this day, an English Piatti, instead of an inscrutable mermaid, clumsily stitched together, consisting of enchanting musical grace and droning, hesitating imbecility.

He positively made a nervous, idiotic vow in his childish excitement that, if he were suffered to land in his native country, he would never again play his beloved and 'cursed' violin in public. Mark the elastic power of minute discrimination. In private, he might commune with his cherished art and its material exponent, but the infected agent must be buried in com-

plete seclusion, so as not to tempt other souls to eternal perdition. Alas, for poor human nature and artistic lunacy.

He wrote warning letters, treating of these heinous offences (and these rebukes must have greatly astonished and amused the mild and amiable Spohr), reminding him of the awful consequences of 'profane' violin playing. The placid, unworldly composer, writing down his lulling, dreamy strains, and then playing them in his liquid, silvery way, must have rested, for at least half a bar, just to sum up and conclude with Hamlet's grave-digger that a certain number of English people were 'just as mad as he.'

Shades of Mornington, Metternich, and George III.! We can fancy we hear the practical, hearty monarch saying, 'What, what, one of my gifted subjects can play divinely and won't—eh, eh, nonsense. Take him down to Weymouth; I'll talk to him, the idiot; dip him two or three times in the sea, and make him join a football club; what, what, or else I'll sentence him for life to play nothing but the Hundredth Psalm.'

Spohr met with several lunatics in his various travels. One was a royal personage, the King of Spain, who slightly disturbed a beautiful quartet which the sensitive author was leading. Rests were utterly ignored by the royal fiddler, and, when the result was not found to be quite satisfactory to the other three performers, an explanation was delicately requested. 'The royal pleasure is that royal notes admit of no cessation.' Thus quartet 'time' must wait or hurry for the returning 'tide' of regal caprice. Spohr relates this almost incredible story in his 'Life.'

After these deadly, lively performances at the opera, Jenny Lind visited Norwich, and stayed with the friendly, sensible bishop. An earnest conference with friends brought the matter to a climax. She would henceforth sing no more 'sinful' Italian operas, whether in evening dress or in stage costume, on these 'polluted' boards. No, she would merely sing other 'dramatic' pieces, called by another name, and more objectionable to many people. Such are the vagaries of the human mind when influenced by early

precepts from simple-minded, primitive friends.

And nowhere else can you meet with such simple, old-world gentleness as among the people of Sweden. They seem to stand out from all the rest of Europe for a distinguishing grace of manner, winning simplicity of character, and the quiet dignity of gentlefolks ; differing entirely from the fascinating Italian beauty and entrancing elegance of Fiorentini, or the persuasive piquancy, so gallantly and eloquently claimed by Renan, in his silvery, ever-flowing French, for his seductive countrywomen.

Sometimes, without possessing a single beautiful feature, Swedish girls are really beautiful. Without costly dresses or extraneous ornaments, they seem to be then adorned the most ; and their quiet, unassuming, gentle confidence leaves an impression at once of sweet composure and undeviating goodness.

Such was the effect of Jenny Lind's performances. In her you saw one who convinced you of her unwavering devotion whether to art or domestic duties. Others might swerve and hesitate, but she would unfailingly pursue her

steadfast course regardless of all consequences. With many of these mixed emotions whirling in my brain, I went to hear the favourite vocalist. I had seen her several times in her greatest characters; I had heard of her conductor Balfe's opinion respecting her. I was informed that, when presiding at an operatic rehearsal, he endeavoured to sing an extemporaneous cadenza in a kind of delicate falsetto, in order to prepare the band for a certain 'pause' in their evening's performance. Then, breaking out into the free and easy language of rehearsal, he said—'Oh, it's no use my singing; she will go on for a deuce of a time. One thing you may rely upon; she will make no mistakes. I have conducted for her forty-seven evenings, and she has never yet sung one note out of tune.'

I put all these things together, not omitting the showman's doings, and I still remained a critic, standing on my defence. She sang two or three wonderful pieces; one was by Chopin, in which she took the upper melody, while her husband played the lower parts. These all but

impossible intervals for the voice she rendered perfectly, but the most surprising effort was the following :—She sang ‘Auld Robin Gray’ very slowly, and I could hear, amid the profound silence of the audience, that the accumulated echoes seemed to be floating in the air, and forming perfect chords every now and then such as I had never noticed before ; but the climax of all my experience was reached when at the end of each verse her husband played a single chord (the piano having been silent during the entire and long-drawn stanza), I found that both voice and instrument were, not merely somewhere near, but absolutely in perfect tune. To those who know the fearful odds against the accomplishment of this daring feat before an audience, I need not say that all critical notions were scattered to the winds, and I hailed her as one of the most astonishing artists ever heard of. Her voice was what is called ‘veiled,’ and this kind of organ is peculiarly liable to partial failure, if not total extinction, for a time ; yet, overmastering all by her wonted determination and genius, she triumphed

over every obstacle, and performed this surprising feat during five successive verses. There was no more to be said ; we could only listen and be silent. A similar success will rarely be attained by anyone.

For purity of voice, refined expression, and sound musical knowledge, few vocalists ever excelled the highly-esteemed Madame Clara Novello. It is a consolation to know that such a rare vocal organ could be preserved and cultivated in the uncertain climate of ' breezy ' Old England ; this education was conducted for a considerable time in the bracing atmosphere of a northern county, Yorkshire, whence came many voices of marvellous power and excellence both in solo and chorus departments.

Charles II. is said to have declared that he could take more daily open-air exercise in England than in any other part of the world, and he had seen a variety of countries during his wanderings. However, the merry monarch was not a public vocalist, or he might perhaps have added a ' wise saying,' and a few needful precautions during certain months of the year.

Certain it is that, with ordinary care, many splendid voices have been admirably preserved in this country for a lengthened period of time. While we do not forget the question of parentage, we are proud to claim Clara Novello as a native English singer; and it may safely be asserted that, with regard to pure volume of tone and charming equality of scale, she excelled two or three great vocalists who at distant intervals of time appeared to excite more fervent admiration among the many by the display of more stirring and vivacious characteristics. We think of Clara Novello as a musical Antigone, filled with earnest, quiet, devotional feeling, and reciting, with the serenity of a prophetess, words like, ‘Angels, ever bright and fair,’ and the sustained exhortation, ‘Hear ye, Israel,’ from the oratorio of ‘Elijah.’

At a time when it was supposed that nothing good could come out of England, Mendelssohn was requested to select and bring over with him one or two good foreign vocalists. He astonished his hesitating correspondents by remarking that ‘the two best sopranis he knew of were

Clara Novello and Miss Williams.' The latter lady's sister was long known as the excellent and popular contralto, Mrs. Lockey.

Madame Novello's chaste and perfect rendering of 'I know that my Redeemer,' 'With verdure clad,' and many other pieces, will long haunt the memory of those who had the pleasure of hearing her. In all that I have said I by no means imply a want of natural vigour or inborn energy; but while foreign vivacity is often hailed by audiences with satisfaction, it is but rarely tolerated from our native artists. Thus a second nature of apparent reserve is gradually acquired, for which the public must be held to be really responsible. Persons who spoke the English language with perfect grace and fluency were expected to be exceedingly reserved on an orchestra. Audiences were much more lenient in various ways to some of those who sang in broken English.

Among the many brilliant vocalists who have delighted us during this century, few will be remembered with more respect and admiration than the accomplished Clara Novello.

CHAPTER XIX.

Trinity Chapel—Striking Scene—A Surpliced Army—
 Gothlique—An Important Pin—Prayer Books Studied
 —The Dean's Cushion—Private Infirmary—Doctors
 Differ—Detained in the Vestry—Startling Effect—
 Cessation of Complaints—A Warning to Ladies—
 North and South Manners—An Officer Knighted—
 Queen Bess—Ladies Apply for Orders—Not to the
 Bishop—Lady Lecturers—Behind the Curtain—A
 'Plain' Statement—Signed by Plato—A Damp
 Excuse.

THE scene at Trinity Chapel is indeed very striking, when for the first time you view these extended ranks of white-robed men, all rising and kneeling together like a large surpliced army. Few strangers will ever forget the impression thus created by this imposing church militant parade.

Two 'markers' stand in the centre of the chapel, with something like slate-frames, covered

with tightly-stretched canvas, in their hands. On these frames they place very long rolls of paper, made after the fashion of those used in ancient times.

The feat of pricking these names is truly astonishing. Five or six hundred men rush forward, past the markers, in utter confusion, and take their places, frequently at a great distance from the registrars, who, however, rarely move from their position to ask a question.

A few young, green buds nervously try to catch the markers' eye, fearful that their chapel bills may be 'taxed,' or 'protested,' as students say. Occasionally, at the commencement of term, a foundling may have been asked whether his name was really Brown or not, as he so closely resembled Mr. Gothlique, whose Norman ancestor came over a conqueror, anxious for all the Saxon goods. So said the ever-restless 'gazetteers.'

The important pin is pressed into this roll of fame or shame, and rarely can an error be detected in the accounts of these sleepless sentinels.

A few very diligent students minutely examine their prayer-books even before they attend service, in order to note the psalms for the day; for, when these verses are chanted fully, the sacred roll is quickly deposited under the dean's equally sacred cushion, and the markers rush off to 'another parish.'

After this important act, a late-comer is 'regarded' by everyone as a complete nonentity. The tardy student looks very confused as the various observers cast towards him peculiar glances, and indulge in certain 'nudges,' as if to signify a 'marked' and unmarked warrior in the chapel phalanx.

It was said that a few preferred the 'Nunc Dimittis' to the 'Magnificat,' for 'temporal' reasons. In fact, these 'victims' suffer much. See these athletic giants, strong as elephants when they left a popular assembly (perhaps on Parker's Piece), but now liable to fits of feminine weakness when they are overtaken by severe mental efforts and the 'stifling air' of this 'whited sepulchre,' so called by imaginative students. Why do not our humane societies

interfere, and kindly protect these martyrs, now recklessly offered as sacrifices to vitiated atmosphere and excessive study?

Note that lately powerful young man, but a few moments ago in the full flush of health and vigour. See, he suddenly sinks, helpless, to the marble pavement, looking like what old Robert Burton called an 'infant's baby,' when recklessly deprived of the 'atomic' elements of support. But his friends do not pass by on the other side; they kindly come to his aid. They will gently lead him to the chapel-gate, that he may once more breathe the pure air of nature. He is so 'powerful weak,' that six strong companions are needed to support his tottering frame. Then other men generously pick up his gloves, cap, and his private notes on things in general, and they form a kind of ambulance procession.

The fresh air soon restores him, and the council of ten much wish to be off, but they are in honour bound to wait for the supporters' caps and gloves, which are soon affectionately returned by two other willing recruits. Then

they all rush away to a private infirmary, generously endowed by a patriotic student; there they apply for draughts of nourishing medicine; their devotion to their patient and the various tonics is so considerable, that they are absolutely deprived of the comforts of 'home' for a painfully lengthened period.

Dean Carus takes a merciful view of things, and would like to sympathise with the delicate youths; but Dean Thorpe is much more practical. On another occasion he quietly sends the clerk to lock the doors, offer his condolences, and detain the patient and his devoted guardians in the vestry, as he desires to make a minute inspection of such a grievous calamity.

Strange to say, after this clearing of the air, these violent fits of weakness became wonderfully reduced in number and severity, and no more complaints were made of the chapel atmosphere.

Ladies have been cautioned not to pay sudden visits to their studious sons. Probably both parties might be surprised. Notice that 'exhausted' student, wearing an opened surplice,

which reveals a variegated waistcoat, made apparently from a gold and velvet, richly embroidered altar-cloth. He does not, indeed, greatly admire the pattern himself, but then, you see, in time it may attract the dean’s attention, and no doubt the veteran will be anxious to copy this gorgeous vestment for his own peculiar use. The dean, however, it appears, does not wish for this popular and open display of these botanical patterns, but sends the clerk to request Mr. Broderie to hide for a time this valuable vested property, and after service to favour him with a private interview. A very savage cynic might have insinuated that the ‘buttonless pit’ into which that surplice had fallen was the result of premeditated action.

Another task undertaken by these amateur inspectors is to ascertain if any possible mischief can be made out of the manuscript musical programme, such as ‘The Giant’s Prayer,’ invented by ever-watchful critics, ‘Oh, grant the king a long’—Child.

The service over, a few young rogues pin low down the surplices worn by one or two pairs of

these rebellious critics, and, as the 'twins' march off in different directions, the involuntary and sudden 'halt,' back to back, creates a very pleasing and novel effect; this much valued by the more sober auditors, who are rejoiced that arduous critical undertakings should be adequately rewarded.

Ladies need not fear any molestation like that experienced in the north of England. Observe the awful effect of royal or viceroial impetuosities lasting down even to our enlightened times. In Ireland a jovial 'landlord' was suddenly knighted, as we learn from Sir W. Gomm's 'Life.' The but half emancipated Queen Bess scarcely knew how to address an archbishop's wife, whether as matron or maiden; and we know that the royal word is law by virtue of ancient custom.

The devoted people of Milan were terribly alarmed a few years ago when an authentic tombstone was discovered, dedicated to the memory of an ancient bishop's wife. The fearful news spread far and wide, and caused a great sensation.

It has been asserted that a married pope would never have dared to declare himself infallible, at least before the ‘better half’ of his domestic circle. Note the shocking result of all these dubious argumentations. At a grand York festival, certain London detectives were engaged to watch the handiwork of various performing sharpers. At rehearsal the certified wife of the archbishop pressed forward to gain admittance.

‘Can’t come in ; strict orders to the contrary.’

‘Good gracious ! Do you know that I am the lady of the archbishop ?’

‘Couldn’t ’elp it, marm, if you was his wife.’

Ladies and others desirous of attending Trinity Chapel have merely to apply for orders, not to the bishop, as he is not yet empowered to grant them, but to certain very good fellows of undeniable and amiable character. As lecturers, ladies have not yet appeared on the stage of Cambridge life, but they have taken old anatomical Burton’s advice, and chiefly displayed their talents behind the ‘curtain.’

Visitors at chapel will notice many remark-

able precautions, in case the 'rights of man' should be suddenly assailed by the 'commanding' sex.

Our most 'learned' historians have observed that the chapel-seats are also admirably adapted for the ladies' defence, in case of attack, as they are thoughtfully placed longitudinally, facing north and south, so that the six hundred thunderers of 'The Trinity White Brigade' must present a full front to their enemies at various times, and cannot possibly attack them by any sudden flank movement. In fact, the heroic dames may stand perfectly at their ease, as the penetrating twelve hundred eyes have been declared to be either fixed on their books, or, Spartan like, directed to the ground, that is, to their last new leathern conveniences.

In case of a terrific amazonian battle, in which victory on 'one side' would be certain, without any mathematical 'demonstration,' it was suggested that the conquerors should chant a portion of Handel's 'Judas Maccabæus,' 'Through "slaughtered" troops they cut their way;' as this conveniently equivocal line of duty

and poetry seemed to be worthy of much commendation.

The perfect grass plots at Trinity were preserved as so much sacred soil, not to be profaned by any but the tutors and fellows. Even the noblemen, with their gorgeous gowns, were not clearly allowed this privilege. Once several of these merry favourites were actually performing a few capers on the hallowed grass, when we heard the ‘minute guns’ sounding from Wordsworth’s ‘Lodge,’ ‘Bring—them—“ole”—he—ah.’ This was addressed to mild, amiable Carus. The young nobles scampered off, and Carus seemed doubtful as to his future course. Again the guns boomed in his accommodating ear. He started in the chase with much assumed activity, making as many skips and as little progress as possible, just to ‘encourage’ all parties concerned; after this odd, treadmill performance had been continued for some time, he managed to arrive at the ‘buttery’ steps just as the ‘criminals’ had disappeared. Is any one of them alive to remember this incident?

The discovery of this tremendous ‘grass plot’ occurrence caused much discussion. I have not included Wordsworth among the privileged grass-trespassers, and for a very good reason. It is a positive fact that, during many years, I never once saw him in the town or the college grounds. Probably he only walked on the consecrated earth of the ante-chapel. How he arrived there, I cannot determine, after stretching my imagination to the utmost.

With regard to Cambridge memories, one miraculous Trinity man should not be omitted, Dean Waddington, of Durham. Let us hope that the old Greek, assisted by his lantern, might have ultimately found an honest man, but could he have discovered a contented one?

The happy author of a useful ‘Church History’ certainly deserves special mention, and his claim will scarcely be challenged by anyone. He said, with serene satisfaction, ‘I never pray; I only offer thanks!’ Immortal exception to the general rule of the ‘Leech’ family.

Among Robert Burton’s opinions on every-

thing, he says, 'It is best to build in plains, to take the opportunity of rivers; and our Camden, out of Plato, commends the site of Cambridge, because it is so near the Fens.'

Now that the Fens are properly drained, I believe that Cambridge is perfectly healthy; but in Burton's time, an enemy might have said, with truth, 'A damp excuse is better than none.'

In the records of long ages, poets and other writers have from time to time alluded to the state of public taste, and they have generally done so in a tone of thoughtful regret, that frivolity should prevail over sobriety and earnestness. Whether it is that we become more critical with age, or that the symptoms are more prominently manifested, certain it is that, in our time, we cannot seriously say that the public supply of levity is lacking.

Our forefathers freely expressed themselves upon this point; the 'complaint' is, therefore, no mere novel development. Read the ancient words of the good and lamented Sir Thomas More:

‘Even as some sick men will take no medicines unless some pleasant thing be put among their potions, although perhaps it be somewhat hurtful, so because many will not hearken to serious and grave documents, except they be mingled with some fable or jest, therefore reason willeth us to do the like.’

Robert Burton, the ‘anatomist’ of many distempers, excuses his assumed title of ‘Democritus junior’ in the following terms:—

‘It is a kind of policy in these days to prefix a fantastical title to a book; for, as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an *antic* [comic] picture in a “painter’s shop” that will not look at a judicious piece.’

Many similar satires could be quoted, illustrating the universal desire for a mixed ‘potion’ of instruction and entertainment. Dr. Johnson and many other profound thinkers and teachers have candidly admitted that interesting gossip was to them irresistible. The ponderous old critic frankly confessed that Burton’s wonderful medley was ‘the only book which ever drew

him from his bed two hours earlier than he had intended to rise.' The attraction may be measured by such an event.

It would be deeply interesting to contrast the fleeting fashions and demands of 'public taste' noticeable at various epochs in our history. Of course I refer to times long gone by. Surely we shall one day see an exhaustive treatise on the 'Literary Sandwich Period.' Let us consider the varied forms of 'refreshment' offered, mentally and bodily, in former times at two contiguous 'stalls.' Miss Buffet officiated under the protection of that wonderful 'Vauxhall Transparent Meat Patent,' which has been so mysteriously and indefinitely prolonged by some hidden influence. Her offerings were generally received under protest, arising from a feeling of necessity in our dealings with her.

How different was the conduct observable at the mental 'stall.' Mr. Quillman said to the petrified multitude:—'The public taste demanded two very thick slices of bread, the broader the better, and only a very thin portion of stronger nourishment; but I can only con-

sent to sell you this book on the condition of being allowed to interleave the work with a fair portion of solid and more valuable food.'

The contrast is truly remarkable. How thankful should we be that we live at a time 'when young people, after daily enjoying a proper share of terrestrial delight, can be thoughtful and teachable for at least an hour or two out of the twenty-four; when good, sober plays are well attended and heartily applauded; when unmixed trivialities are not repeated to "suffocation;" when Mr. Addison is much admired by readers and preferred to Miss Harlequina, and when young men do not languidly declare, as we have heard they once did, not quite a hundred years from our own day, that they really must patronise a sterling new drama, because, "you see," they would then fully understand the parody which would certainly be forthcoming.'

For these and all other mercies so freely bestowed we ought to remain duly and permanently thankful, as publicly advised.

CHAPTER XX.

Mendelssohn at the Organ—Gauntlett—His Criticisms—Mendelssohn's Position—His Organ Playing—His Visit—Selection of Pieces—An Incident—Care of Mendelssohn—His Last Organ Performance—Soothing Thoughts—Extemporaneous Music—Sermons—Doubt and Deception—Organ Music—Elaborate Means—Gauntlett on Spohr—Sour Music—Organ Music Purified—Discords—Examples—Handel's Simplicity—Mozart—Music by Itself—Mendelssohn and Walter Scott—Inspiration and Refined Imagination—Young Poets and Old Musicians.

MANY of us would give much to read an authentic account of Beethoven's private organ performances. As a similar desire may arise with regard to Mendelssohn when it cannot be fully gratified, I will say a few words on this interesting subject, endeavouring to steer between mere partisan praise and cynical depreciation.

Critics like Gauntlett are but too apt to seize upon a hero, and worship him with almost unseemly adoration; but musical heroes, like their literary brethren, are, as Byron wisely remarked, not always in a poetical passion. It is dangerously absurd to say that Bach, Handel, and Beethoven are always at their best, and equally excellent in many different departments. The plain, honest truth often dissipates at the same time our doubts and our exaggerations. I shall strive to adopt this medium course.

I unhesitatingly estimate Mendelssohn as the greatest musical mind of his time. Few men ever wrote so little below their own artistic standards. I would not exchange his symphonies and his chamber-music for many scores of dull pages written by Bach, Handel, and Beethoven; for dull and lifeless many of them are to all who are not blinded by unreasoning devotion. Yet even Mendelssohn could not overcome impossibilities. Producing, as he did, such a vast pile of compositions, he certainly could not afford very much time for genuine organ practice; but even conceding this point,

he, in effect, surpassed all his contemporaries. S. S. Wesley occupied a position as a very good second to him.

In plain language, Mendelssohn's organ playing reminded one very much of highly-gifted amateur efforts, that is, in the purely mechanical sense of the art. There was a wonderful grasp and certainty in his finger-touch, relieving us from all doubt and nervousness as never-tiring listeners, but his pedal-playing was not at all like that of our best modern organists. He seldom placed his heel on the pedals, forming his passages so that each foot alternately took its part in the task. Again, he lifted his feet far too much from the pedals, thus rather 'striking' the notes instead of firmly and quietly pressing them down. His practice, in this respect, would inevitably damage, in time, the organ's delicate mechanism; for a great, special organ-player will produce a perfectly staccato effect, and yet scarcely jar the pedals in the least.

Though I admit his pre-eminence, and gladly allow that his comprehensive mind would have made him first as an organist, as he was in other

branches, there was nothing especially miraculous in his organ-playing, such as we are too apt to attribute to popular heroes, when we add line upon line, until the model becomes a demi-god in process of time. Moscheles and others knew, and ungrudgingly dwelt upon his exceptional powers, when exercised upon the pianoforte. I merely speak of his great, but not perfect, organ-playing.

Wishing to delight a few friends, I placed on the desk a copy of his organ sonatas, hoping to hear an express revelation of beauties when they should be developed by the cultivated author. He behaved very much like an ordinary mortal, when he touches for the first time a good but strange organ. He selected the last movement of his first organ sonata, which looks about one of the easiest in the book. After he had played a few pages with remarkable vigour and determination, he broke off when special difficulties arose, and proceeded to extemporise.

He was evidently rather 'out of practice' on the organ, and, in fact, during this last visit to England, he had declined to play in public.

Even formerly he did not pretend to sit down and perform any organ work selected for him. He practised five or six of Bach's fugues exclusively, and he did not venture to attack others 'at sight;' though I have no doubt he would have excelled any contemporary in a similar effort. I mention these points to encourage young beginners not to despair in their exertions, nor to look upon a great man as completely superhuman.

Afterwards he played, without book, the slow movement in G to be found in one of his three organ pieces. I have alluded to this event elsewhere, and I repeat here that I anticipated a passage for the pedals, by adding a louder stop for a subject which was approaching. This piece, very firmly and smoothly played, gained him the reputation of inventing a perfect composition extemporaneously. Another subject resembled the passage in 'Samson,' 'To thy dark servant,' which was very ably treated, and has often appeared in the music of great writers.

To come to the greatest point of all, and

the one most interesting to explorers of mental gifts. There was scarcely anything like severe four-part playing in this fugual effort. When the pedals were used, he generally rested his left hand, and played groups of chords with his right; the pedal-part being executed, as I before described, by one foot for each note.

As Mendelssohn left the church, an interesting incident occurred. Several of his relations had been present, and some of them were ladies. As he was slightly overheated with his exertions, and had been previously fatigued by conducting two or three performances of 'Elijah,' one of these ladies insisted upon mounting the box-seat of her carriage, in order to carefully preserve the life of this distinguished musician, then, alas, so near his unexpected and untimely end. This was, I believe, his last organ performance either in public or private. An act of such graceful consideration would be doubtless long remembered by his friends with sensations of delight and consolation, accompanied by the soothing thought that they, by an unusual concession,

had endeavoured to prevent the slightest inconvenience to him on a rather chilly, autumnal day.

In justice to Mendelssohn, I may add that I doubt very much whether the greatest musicians ever actually invented at the moment a rapid piece of music composed of four perfect parts; I mean, of course, when the pedals were employed. If you ever hear of a 'prodigy' of 'involuntary inspiration' on the pianoforte, just add the pedals to his task, and you will soon see how much or how little 'genius' can do, when it is not accompanied by a long course of labour and thought.

After some of our festivals, we have seen elaborate pieces published note for note, just as we had heard them performed 'extemporaneously.' There is no particular harm in this practice, as in the well known case of sermons, provided that the circumstances be fully understood; but I think my readers will agree with me that when exaggerated claims are made by friends of preachers or players, and quietly remain uncontradicted by anyone, the under-

taking becomes something like a delusion and a sham, whether intended or not by the principal performers.

Mendelssohn's organ music stands in a similar position to his organ playing. No such works have been produced since the time of Handel and Bach, yet the modern composer is frequently wanting in the clearness and simplicity so noticeable in the two great writers. If glorious old Handel could not have written in this beautiful style of ecclesiastical romanticism, he would have undoubtedly arranged Mendelssohn's organ music with much greater effect by means of considerably less elaborate materials. Gauntlett gave us flaming accounts of his idol, without adding one word as to his shortcomings. To show Gauntlett's bias and prejudice, I may quote a remark he made to me on Spohr's lovely compositions. 'What!' said he, vehemently, 'do you really like that stomach-ache music?' Such is the influence of mere party spirit.

As a parenthesis, I may add that Gauntlett told me he had written a very long and terrific

attack upon Spohr, after the successful production of his melodious 'Fall of Babylon;' but it was wisely withheld at the very last moment. It was intended for a daily paper, after the manner of his previous communications. I say he wisely withdrew it, for though Spohr has his own peculiar walk, and even his own special reiterations, he is so much admired and increasingly respected that of the two the critic, so partial and bitter in his assaults, would have undoubtedly suffered the greater humiliation.

In truth, the whole theory of organ music writing ought to be fully reviewed and comprehended. Orchestral discords on instruments of unequal weight are scarcely perceptible to the ear, but, when this licence is applied to the organ, the effect is unpleasant in the highest degree. I will give two or three instances. In 'Grandfather' Haydn's mild old music, when the violins play a succession of notes, as in 'The wonder of His works,' just one tone above the voices, the discords are almost effaced by the surrounding masses of sound. Transfer this licence to the organ, where all the sounds

are equal, and you simply play a scale of discordant, wrong notes. Similarly, in 'Thanks be to God,' the conflicting semi-tones, sustained for several bars, are barely perceived in an orchestral performance, but they become utterly intolerable when played on the organ. The same remark applies, in a very limited degree, to the transient discord of F sharp and G in 'But the Lord is mindful of His own.'

On grand and mellow organs in very favourable positions, I admit that much of this harshness is scarcely perceptible, but I contend that perfect and enduring music should be able to stand by itself, whether written for the stage or for any other purpose. You can play Handel and much of Bach on any kind of organ provided with proper pedals; you can sing Handel's music with four or four thousand voices, and the kernel of immortal genius is always very clearly manifested. Therefore, if you require a special organ, such as I have heard the talented Dr. Chipp play at St. Olave's, if you demand endless accessories of scenery and stage devices, in order to develop the composer's ideas, I main-

tain that such writers will fall very far short of the triumphs we accord to Handel and Mozart's 'Don Giovanni.' If we wish music to occupy its true and lofty position as an art, we must perseveringly insist that it at least shall contain in itself the elements of delight and enjoyment of more or less intensity under any conditions which may happen to arise.

Excepting a few blemishes in the organ department, I have nothing to say of Mendelssohn, unless in terms of the highest admiration. He was a faithful and dutiful student of Bach, Handel, and Beethoven; he was, if not the Shakespere of music, at least the Walter Scott of the art; and by this, I intend a very great compliment, signifying by the comparison that wonderful gift of descriptive illustration, that immense power of attracting continued attention, and that very rare inspiration so abundantly manifested in an unsurpassed brilliancy of refined imagination.

It is interesting to note the varying forces of creative power in different branches of art. It

has been declared that, speaking generally, the greatest poetry was written before the age of thirty-four. Musical power seems to last to the end of human life; for though we have our Mozarts and Mendelssohns, we have also our Haydns and Handels, whose greatest works were produced when the supposed 'prime of life' had long passed away.

CHAPTER XXI.

A 'School of Cane'—Charles Kean—His Defects—Edmund Kean—G. T. Cooke's toe—Charles Kean's Imitators—Mrs. Charles Kean—Gentle Characters—No hints—Managers and Artists—Sardanapalus—Hatton—Mario—Hatton's Revenge—A Legal Debate—Simultaneous Evidence—Hatton's Opera—Bad Selection—The Rock 'Buffo'—Pascal Bruno—A good Song—A National Fellowship.

I AM about to present two or three characters for a gentle public castigation in the school of 'George the Third.' I once thought of establishing a 'School of Cane,' but, as we live in a rebellious age, the term might be misapplied and the institution become inconveniently crowded. Natural misfortunes, as in the tales about horses, ought to be carefully respected, but unnatural defects of self-obscuracion should

be corrected by a kindly pluck of the sleeve, if courtesy be not wanting in such criticisms.

Charles Kean is one of these examples. How can we speak of him and his father without appearing to exaggerate? I would not proceed to analyze the younger man, if his chief eccentricities had not been self-imposed. Any 'certificated master' would have said—'At least open your mouth, if you wish your voice to be heard and the words understood. You need not perpetually shrug your shoulders, knit your brows, and thrust your head forward so as to suffocate your throat.'

Half-an-hour of such teaching to a willing pupil might have changed the reputation of an artist; but how few ever venture to say the unpleasant truth? I have seen really great artists ruined in this way, as I shall presently demonstrate. Wonderful are the freaks of Nature. There was that dazzling meteor, the elder Kean, a raving maniac off the stage—a man scarcely worth thinking of in any respect save one, yet he was a prodigy of dramatic genius and tragic power when interpreting the

greatest thoughts of the greatest minds on his especial stage of life. The son was, I believe, an amiable, well-educated, gentlemanly person, respected in private life, yet he seemed, for lack of a private prompter, to be suited for any stage except the one he chose to occupy.

I have no wish to excite a vacant laugh, or to indulge in painful burlesque when I say that the weakest of low comedians could and did imitate him to the very life without the least exertion. If you resolutely close your mouth, speak in an unearthly monotone, and adopt the attitude I have already pointed out, you will be able to realise the effect at any moment. All old playgoers will confirm my words without any hesitation.

The father brought over from America a sacred relic, no other than the 'immortal toe' of G. F. Cooke, who happened to be the special object of Kean's idolatry. Kean actually placed this 'idol' on his mantel-piece, there to remain as a grotesque memento of his insanity, to the extreme disgust and horror of Mrs. Kean. Can anything in burlesque exceed this folly, yet

there was more real dramatic talent in that strange fragment, to speak metaphorically, than in the younger Kean's whole body.

To make the matter worse, we saw a gentle, highly-gifted lady by the younger actor's side, uttering the sweet and enchanting 'melodies' of our mighty bard with such perfect delicacy and feminine grace, and in such elegantly-spoken English, that in certain dove-like characters she was probably never excelled. Her liquid, peaceful delivery of our native language will never be forgotten by those who admirably listened to her silver stream of words. Could she not impart one hint to her faithful friend, or was she even too retiring for that needful duty? Happy might have been the results, after one short pang of kindly cruelty.

We have seen her standing as if petrified by a display of weakness, surely never equaled among leading actors on the English stage.

Mere contact, evidently, will not make an artist. Charles Kean produced many of our greatest dramas in an elaborate style, which showed the talent of the inner man, yet how

little could he personally interpret to the wondering, disappointed crowd, whose feelings were those of mingled pain and pleasure, such as are rarely excited, fortunately for our English drama. I have seen other managers who also directed every point and detail with unerring taste and judgment, yet, when they played themselves, were tedious in the smallest part. I suppose that Charles Kean sinned in company with the great bard himself, if all be true we hear; both being unable, in greatly varying degrees, to convey the perfect meaning of the lofty words, and see themselves as others saw them.

Charles Kean produced many plays, as I have said. Among others, perhaps the most magnificently mounted was 'Sardanapalus,' to which Hatton wrote the incidental music. The jovial musician was always popular, in private or on the orchestra, and he was ever ready to 'improve the shining hour' with a quaint freak or merry jest. He nearly upset Mario and other artists, who were taking part in an operatic quintet on one occasion. Hatton was such

excellent company, that his foreign friends would not spare him, even for a day or two, that he might direct the tragical music in London on its first performance. Hatton coaxed and hinted, but all in vain; they would not lose him, and he vowed a comic revenge. He was to sing a 'Bertram' kind of part in the quintet, and when all was going smoothly, the incensed operatic 'brigand' muttered savagely in Mario's ear, instead of his proper Italian words, 'Sardanapalus, Sardanapalus,' and, as Mario was not very deeply versed in concerted music, when this novel addition had been several times repeated with increased determination, the half-concealed mirth became so contagious, that I think, if a flag of truce had been introduced at that particular moment, suitable terms might have been amicably arranged. This course was, however, musically impossible, as Hatton had but little to do; otherwise we might have had a legal debate carried on by the combatants simultaneously in Italianised English, in a most instructive and gratifying form. It has been suggested that this kind

of simultaneous evidence might be useful in tedious law cases.

You will be surprised to hear that Hatton and Molique were unconsciously 'Georgian Scholars.' We really must endeavour to establish this 'order' before our 'delinquents' become too numerous and unmanageable.

Many years ago, a strenuous effort was made in London to produce English opera on a liberal and satisfactory scale. A friend on the committee wrote to me in this style :

'We have accepted an opera by Hatton. It is something after the manner of Mozart. We like it very much, and we have heard nothing equal to it by an English composer for a considerable time.'

The opera was, I believe, successful, but, as the directors could not afford a long 'run' of the work, it was soon superseded by others. Well, what did this large-headed, shrewd, and experienced composer proceed to do? He selected a stolid, yet able singer, accustomed to fair success chiefly in grave and serious music, to display the rollicking fun of his buffo

composition in various concert-rooms. Nothing more incongruous could have been proposed. Nothing more dangerous can be tried, even on the stage, without exceptional materials, than English buffo music. Only the greatest talent can render it acceptable.

I have heard Braham's taller son—Augustus, I think—sing one of Rossini's lively comic pieces in English. The doggrel words described a jackass tied to a steeple, and other elegant proceedings. Perhaps it was Münchausen set to music. The effect was depressing beyond all belief; and yet Hatton, knowing all these dreadful breakdowns, which for ages have warned us against such rocks and dangers, deliberately ran his head against these rocks, and was of course wounded by the effort. The audience greatly respected the composer, and wished to hear his connected work; but this detached comic scena, thus tragically rendered, was positively hissed, and I could not particularly blame the audience.

Hatton seemed to resent the occurrence as a slight to himself. I feel confident this was not

the intention; however, he declined to accompany the remaining pieces, and I never saw him again.

Now, was not a 'Georgian' tutor needed here to correct the error and anticipate this sad catastrophe, which could have been foretold by the merest musical tyro? We must absolutely found the 'Georgian Cane School.' I appeal to my readers as to its necessity.

Hatton's music was liked in Germany even when it could not obtain a hearing in England. One very fine song from, I think, 'Pascal Bruno,' was often sung by Staudigl. I wonder why we never hear it now, as it was not destined, I am convinced, to be heard a few times and then permanently shelved. That song entitled 'A frozen serpent in my breast,' will always command respect and attention if the talented author does not select an unsuitable interpreter to weary a willing audience. If Hatton had been appointed to a 'National Fellowship,' he might have enjoyed more personal comfort, and occupied a conspicuous position among his countrymen.

CHAPTER XXII.

Molique—An Odd Failing—A Calculating Amateur—
 Guage—His Mission—Abiding Sounds—An Artist
 ‘Tone-Deaf’—His Sleeve Plucked—A Musical Dalton
 —A Courageous Friend Wanted—Guage—His Won-
 derful Ear—Hill at an Organ—Desolate Tones—A
 Correction—Astonishment—A Small Rebel—Out of
 its Beat—No Lost Chord—The Lion Reconciled—
 Friendship Cemented—A Weighty Cricket Match.

My next illustration will consist of the excellent Molique, who will appear, to the surprise of many, as a pupil of the ‘Georgian’ school. Criticisms upon a single weakness of the eminent composer and player can now do no actual harm to his compositions, and may act as a timely warning to other offenders, though I certainly think that few will ever commit themselves in a similar direction.

While too many violinists are inclined to tune their instruments above the proper pitch, he, perhaps alone in all the world's history, generally tuned his violin considerably flat. Surely a solitary accusation against the fiddling tribe. There was no mistake about the fact. Not merely 'enraged musicians' noticed the fact, but even lady amateurs found it unendurable, as I shall clearly prove, and left the music-room in consequence.

I must also mention that among the audience was a most remarkable amateur, exceeding all the Bidders and other 'calculating boys' I ever heard of. We have met with various 'missions' in this hobby-ridden world, with expressive prefixes to their names, but the example of 'Guage,' as I shall call him, will require all the reader's faith and confidence in me to be fully confirmed before he will be a thoroughly consenting believer in such surprising mysteries.

One or two of my illustrations will be at once set down as absolute burlesque. I can assure the reader they are positively true, and many of the facts can be easily substantiated by living

artists. My friend's special 'mission' was 'pitch,' and the result was often most annoying and contaminating. As Sir Isaac Newton 'saw' the sun for several days in his 'mind's eye,' so did Guage 'hear' certain sounds long after they had ceased to vibrate.

You can imagine the effect of Molique's playing on such a man; it was most agonising. He winced, groaned, and pined, and then, finding his discordant burden utterly intolerable, he spoke to the eminent conductor, who fully appreciated the learned and accomplished Molique, and scarcely knew how to approach the subject. However, at the next concert Molique was, as usual, nearly a quarter tone flat after he had 'carefully' tuned his violin. As I suppose we must not allude to 'colour blindness' in such a case, we may say that Molique was certainly 'tone-deaf.' An incident then occurred such as I had not witnessed before nor since. The trio was written in a key something like three or four flats, and Molique pursued his heedless course with aggravating composure. When one very flat movement had been completed, the

distinguished pianist, fully aware of Molique's misdoings and my friend's painful anxiety, positively paused and struck the usual sharp-key chord as a hint to the unconscious violinist.

Molique was sublimely indifferent; he had doubtless, in his own opinion, played quite long enough to know how to tune a violin. Drawing his bow across the strings, he looked round, as if to say, 'All right, let us go on;' and they did proceed with this unprecedented performance. Imagine Guage's feelings, and the misery of many other auditors. As I said, the point was not one of microphonic nicety; it was evident to the youngest pupil present.

What could even a 'Georgian' tutor do in such a case? The sinner's sleeve had been already plucked in the sight of hundreds, yet he heeded not. I should have undoubtedly said to an intimate friend, like this musical Dalton, 'My dear sir, if that is your notion of "A," be kind enough to raise it nearly a quarter of a tone, just to humour our "defective" senses.'

Here was a profound musician, a composer

of elaborate works and elegant songs, an excellent teacher and a masterly player, particularly in the school of Bach, forfeiting all the sympathy of his fellow-men, just because he could not, or would not, be convinced of a most painful blemish. I repeat, I never heard of such a case. His playing and compositions were not remarkable for absorbing passion, such as we found in the glowing Ernst, but he possessed such sterling qualities in various departments, that I am certain his lot might have been very different, if he could have remedied this one defect.

I will now proceed to analyze the gossamer threads which formed the marvellous being whom I named Guage.

We used to say, in jocular language, ‘if you kick the leg of a table, the ever-watchful Guage will tell you the note;’ and his talent did almost extend to this degree of perception. Though he was an accomplished man, his chief study of the alphabet seemed to be confined to ‘the first seven letters, called a scale,’ as we used to learn in our early lessons.

Once the respected veteran Hill was tuning an organ in a western town. Guage, being in the building, of course very soon sidled up to him, although they then were strangers to each other. Hill was tuning some of the smallest pipes, and he passed in review a number of those wondrous 'tones,' which seem to stalk along indifferent to all human aspirations. A semitone or two, now and then, would be worth 'a king's ransom;' but king Hill and king organ never would, so far as I know, concede even this trifling boon to our wounded sense of tonal indefiniteness and desert wanderings. Perhaps the organ's construction would not admit of such a comforting addition.

Guage, the universal umpire, gave his royal and silent assent to Hill's proceedings for a considerable time, until certain gossamer fibres became evidently affected. Guage must speak then and there, or hold his tongue for evermore. 'That last note but three was wrong.' You could not imagine anything more astounding and ridiculous, if you had thoroughly known the two performers in the comedy. Both were

splendid specimens of all that we admire in genuine Englishmen. I have described Hill's blunt behaviour on a previous page, and in many respects Guage was a fit companion for him.

English-like, Hill was not going to be suddenly intimate with any man. He knew rather more of 'tone colour' than Molique, and he combined an excellent ear with immense experience. No, the 'British Lion' would pay no attention to such a profane remark, and he went on tuning those beautiful yet dreadful whole tones, which seem to yearn for a comely and affectionate semitone now and then.

But the sterling virtues which I formerly described were too strong for the admirable man. If this impertinent critic would not retire—and he was certainly not likely to do so while musical sounds of any kind were in a state of vibration—he, the stubborn and kindly Hill, must return to that horrid, squeaking, 'alleged' rebel (as we read in careful telegrams), and investigate the awful charge. He ascended several other tonal ladders with his

fingers, but there would be no more pleasure left in life for him, if he must be haunted by even one vibrating sharp or flat. 'Somewhere near' would not satisfy Hill the inexorable, and he did at last retreat from his position of lofty unconcern. He tried the various criminals once more, not deigning to say a word during all this time. Guage could have told him the note; for, though he forgot many things from day to day, he never forgot a sound. There was no 'Lost Chord' for Guage.

At last the offender was discovered, and the shrill pipe was really something like a 'beat' or so out of tune. The 'Lion' was conquered, and his true English nature became apparent; he positively smiled, and wondered who this large 'angel' might be who had thus taken him unawares. Each warrior appreciated the other; the 'smile' became a jovial laugh, and their friendship was cemented for life. I once saw the two 'weighty' individuals actually play a wonderful single-wicket match of such a character that, had Pilch and Mynn been present, they would undoubtedly have almost expired

with laughter, and would not have been available for cricketing purposes, at least for a 'season.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Hutchinson Family—Miss Austen—Quaint Illustration—An American Actress—A Screamy Laugh—A Lucky Penny—Fortune's Favourite—Locke's Innate Conceptions—A Phrenologist's Mistake—An Admirable Crichton—Alboni—Wonderful Voice—Herr Formes—Ponderous Voice—Caspar—Walpurgis Night—Struggle with Band and Chorus—Unwise Choice—Voice Injured—Result Regretted—Vandenhoff—Stately Dramas—Antigone—Banquet—Precautions—Escape of Puss—Tragical Comedy—Causes and Cure of Fears—School of Correction—Judicious Masters.

I KNOW not how many of my readers can remember an interesting party of American vocalists called the Hutchinson family who visited us a number of years ago; they sang very cleverly, and often without any accompaniment. This musical family sang several pleasant quartets with much taste and accuracy

of intonation—that is to say, as understood by ordinary individuals, who care little about a few varying vibrations in pitch, but who are blessed or cursed, as the case may be, by a most painful aptitude for discovering even the minutest departure from perfection in the relative notes which go to make up an absolutely satisfactory chord. Thus when the most rapid disturbing vibrations are banished or buried by the tuner's art, they are said to be 'dead' in technical language, and this is the meaning of the phrase 'dead in tune.'

Guage heard these clever vocalists and he appeared to admire them, but I regret to say he was not perfectly happy. There was something very dreadful, evidently, on his mind, and none of us could in any way divine the cause. The vocal notes were relatively in tune to a remarkable degree, yet Guage was uneasy and dissatisfied. At last a bold assault was made on the seven-lettered citadel—that is, Guage, and he revealed his griefs in heart-broken language.

'What is this special trouble?' we inquired.

'Oh, they sing very well as regards the mere

harmony, but the performance was really most painful to me.'

'How was that?'

'Well, you see, they sang neither in C nor B, but in a key exactly between the two!'

Now, musicians are generally much more tolerant or indifferent, as they may often hear in one day a number of different pitches. Old and new organs also vary sometimes half a note, instead of the 'dreadful' quarter tone so painfully felt by the injured Guage. He was indeed a most fascinating nuisance; now presenting to us one pole of good fellowship and attractiveness, now with the other pole worrying everybody about these stupendous theoretical differences.

While auditors were gaily discussing the last interesting piece of music, during all the bustle of a pause, he was ever hearing, Newton-like, the last-sounded chord. When the time arrived for the next duet or trio to be performed, he was liable to be shocked by an atrocious transition sometimes extending from sharp keys to flats. Then his agony became complete.

This is all soberly and absolutely true, and the facts were well known to his intimate friends. So far did this mania proceed that the pianist actually took the trouble to play a very few light introductory chords, modulating from the previous piece to the one about to be played.

To this day, I believe, these connecting chords may often be heard, though the 'injured one' can be no longer disturbed by such niceties; and if any of my readers should wonder at hearing such a preface in a well-known music-room, the reason is exactly the one I have stated, though perhaps no other human being who attended these concerts was ever really disturbed by such minute considerations.

In large, connected works like oratorios the successive numbers are generally arranged in relation to each other, but I never dared to mention to Guage one doubtful point in 'Elijah.' The note preceding 'O rest in the Lord' is an unmistakable 'B,' and the beautiful melody is undoubtedly written in the key of 'C.' This event would have been fatal to

Guage, as these near alphabetical neighbours are as distant and reserved as 'neighbours' comfortably can be. Whatever the reason might be, I never heard anything of this unusual treatment, and I took very good care not to open the case. Lucky was it for Mendelssohn that Guage was not at his elbow to worry him, for we can see that the transition was not merely an oversight, as one or two little devices are employed to cover the irregular proceeding.

In truth, this 'vibrating medium,' Guage, would have been well worthy of an exhaustive examination by learned and curious men, so that the whole subject might be developed in certain 'Scientific Transactions.' I shall again allude to this point.

All that I have related, however, sinks into complete insignificance when compared with the astounding example which I am about to produce. It is again necessary to say that I am thoroughly in earnest.

In a nice, old-fashioned book, I think by Miss Austen, a few of my readers may recollect a

lady who was given to knitting and talking at the same time. I forget the exact words, but the following is a rather 'mischievous' edition of the amusing illustration.

'Mrs. Dash has only been married a few years—five, six.'

'Indeed! she appears to be quite young.'

'Oh, yes, but she has some very beautiful children—nineteen, twenty.'

Now this was the way Guage talked to himself and his friends when any sound whatever was heard.

Many years ago an American actress gave us some humorous sketches of Transatlantic servant girls, and she indulged in that mysterious and amusing performance called 'Bobbing around.' Her sniffing starts and various other antics were exceedingly grotesque, and once or twice she concluded her exhortations with an amazing small-toned, screamy laugh. I never before heard such a sound except from a mouse. We were much diverted, and I turned to Guage,

'Very quaint, is it not?'

‘F,’ said Guage immediately, consulting his alphabet.

Now this ‘F’ was positively of the very same pitch as the highest note in Beethoven’s ‘Kreutzer’ duet, and it was declared to be unplayable by the older violinists. In fact, even now, our great players are compelled to leap downwards with astonishing skill in order to produce a harmonic note artificially.

Thus, the high music in ‘Zauberflöte’ becomes of a moderate contralto compass when compared with this phenomenal vocal range, as registered by the infallible Guage.

When Guage was in Paris, he and a number of merry companions resolved to see the famous fountains which were displayed at Versailles on certain occasions. They enjoyed their visit to such an extent that a few of the party were unwilling to return at a given time, according to an express engagement entered into before their departure. Formerly, there were but three ways of deciding a question among young jovial spirits, namely, writing to the *Times* or *Bell’s Life*, or ‘tossing up for it.’ This latter

scientific course was adopted, and the coin was thrown into the air; it alighted in a perpendicular position, having fixed itself in the ground edgewise.

Another attempt was made, and the advocates for delay attained their end. When they all returned they saw at one place a vast heap of flaming, shattered carriages, which formed part of one of the most terrific disasters ever heard of on a railway. This was the train by which they would have come but for the lucky penny!

Guage was certainly one of fortune's favourites, and it must be allowed that he partly made his bed of roses and lay in it contentedly. One or two shadows were behind him, but he looked frankly before him and rarely saw them. He never hastened forward to meet trouble on its way; he never darted backward to disentomb sorrow past. But he stood serene and patient, surveying the procession of events, and when he espied an equally favoured mortal, he quietly linked his arm with his, and led him into peaceful, pleasant paths, to partake and share this

twofold joy and satisfaction. Rare exception to the ordinary fate of men !

When that talented vocalist, Henry Phillips, visited various districts with an excellent quartet party, much surprise was expressed at the great exactness of pitch which was noticed in their performances. They escaped even the criticism of the great Guage himself. The secret did not transpire until the noted bass singer published an account of the mystery.

Not being able to rely with perfect confidence upon his ear, he placed his music near to his face and sounded a very small reed pipe, unperceived by anyone, and from this standard, 'G,' he very quietly calculated the distance to the various keynotes required. Thus the four vocalists were enabled to start boldly and in perfect tune, after he had secretly communicated the keynote to them.

Many good musicians vary greatly in their powers of minute discrimination respecting pitch. I have known several who could not direct the tuning of a drum or pedal pipes. Others comparatively failed in various directions.

In fact the whole subject is one of very great interest, and would form an interesting paper for the Society of Arts, among gentlemen who have leisure and abilities suitable for the purpose. I will impart a few curious particulars regarding Guage. We certainly cannot deny the fact of a diversity of gifts, though, as I have observed so many evils arising from the theory of 'indolent inspiration,' I have always endeavoured to dwell more upon the practical side of the argument, which relies most on an 'immense capacity for taking trouble.' Few but the experienced know how much is overcome by determined cultivation. Where steady industry fails once, 'idle inspiration' fails twenty times. A consideration of Guage's natural gifts would approach very nearly to the subject matter of Locke and his rather 'earthy' notions of innate perceptions; as if we stood but little higher in the scale of creation than educated parrots or prepared collodion plates. And yet it is one of our chief consolations in this struggling, debatable world that the very greatest minds have been united in opinion as to the slow but cer-

tain process of gradual improvement. Nations seem to have been formed, like man, as 'made to stand yet free to fall,' and though the human race has suffered many grievous falls in the darkest ages, we happily appear to have possessed sufficient innate power to recover our position, and, on the whole, to exceed the ancients. I presume that if we could return to the condition of ancient Athens or the artistic revival of Italy, most of us, after prolonged deliberation, would be compelled candidly to say :—' We covet your sculptures and your pictures, and we would fain take them with us, but we really cannot submit to change places permanently with you, when we consider the slavery and manners of Athens in the olden time, or the envious turbulence and political servitude of mediæval Italy.'

We return to Guage and his perceptive powers. He was very fond of music at an early age, but he required the bridle of control to secure anything like permanent attention. In fact he was compelled, though merely a young amateur, to receive three violin lessons of two hours each week. He never afterwards regretted the 'infliction.'

His piano was frequently tuned and always exactly to the 'Philharmonic pitch;' thus a wrong standard, daily, was the exception instead of the rule in his specially favoured case. We might indeed debate whether his sensitive ear did not actually demand this precision, or whether it also tended to perfect him in his marvellous gift. Probably both factors were present in such an arrangement. As if to add another mystery to this remarkable case, I will relate an account of his visit, when young, to a rather noted phrenologist. Guage's friends, knowing his exceptional musical powers, insisted that he should be minutely examined. Nearly all the various 'bumps' were carefully interpreted and set down on paper, but nothing was said about the one prominent subject. His friend, still alive I believe, staved off a direct appeal as long as he could, but when they were leaving he could not refrain from a hint or two. The 'Professor' evidently thought that they wished to entrap him, and guardedly answered the anxious inquiries. This state of things could no longer be borne, and an absolute opinion was

clearly demanded. At length it was given without any compromise:—‘Your friend is adapted for several vocations, but he is undoubtedly wanting in musical talent and ability!’ I leave this to be debated by argmentative scientists, assuring my readers of the truth of the story. The witness, if alive, may often be found near the Reform Club in London.

He might easily have set up for an Admirable Crichton, as he for many years never really ‘practised’ his favourite Straduarious, which lay almost unused at his house, while a good library of quartet music (which kind of composition he led with wonderful facility and faultless intonation) was always in a totally different part of the district. ‘Visitors’ completely unnerved his sensitive frame; they therefore never heard him to advantage.

The ‘miracle’ can be, however, partly explained. He enjoyed plenty of leisure, and he was almost always in a state of ‘unconscious cultivation.’ He could and did ‘read’ this music as he would have done any other book, thinking over all the passages, fingering, and

marks of expression, so that, having undergone a rather severe course of violin exercise, he was in the evening perfectly *au fait* at his task.

As I remarked concerning Jenny Lind, you might listen to him for months, and you would never hear one single note out of tune ; a state of things rarely to be found either in amateur or professional circles. He formed one of the excellent quartet party previously mentioned, consisting of Henry Blagrove, Sterndale Bennett, Signor Piatti, and himself. I dare to say that Guage never once disturbed his companions by playing out of tune. Bennett dearly loved the pleasure of his double occupation, playing the tenor and, as he said, listening to the exquisite music.

If the Society of Arts could find time to investigate this curious subject, a table might be published relating to the results. Volunteer witnesses might be examined from the peer to the peasant, in order to observe the graduated scale of gifts both natural and acquired. For instance, many well-educated, elderly Quakers might be found in secluded districts, who have

scarcely ever heard many musical sounds of any kind. Could they distinguish between grave and acute sounds?

The professional character of musical witnesses would hardly suffer at all, with respect to mere pitch, any more than the reputation of an astronomer whose observations were proved to be perfectly correct, yet who could not define the exact parish in which they were taken. If any case of delicacy should really arise, the witnesses could be distinguished by letters or numerals. Instruments varying from the drum to the piccolo might be chosen for the novel exhibition. I feel certain that many most remarkable illustrations would be forthcoming as to the influence of physical, mental, hereditary, and educational advantages, and the time spent in this experiment would be fully and worthily repaid. The degree of annual improvement, according to the time employed, would be highly instructive, if noted down.

Previous to the time when Henry Phillips revealed his secret, I had paid very little attention to the mere question of pitch. I could

name the keys of pieces played on the organ, but on various pianos the task was not easy. In fact the infallible Guage was sometimes in a state of doubt. At a public performance a lady was playing the first 'Lied' of Mendelssohn. Guage said:—'She must be a good musician, for she has transposed the music into F.' We afterwards found that the piano was tuned just half a tone sharp.

I began to think over this standard 'G' question, and, after a little time and thought, I commenced to 'hear' the note mentally, as I before remarked, on Newton's principle of 'seeing' the sun, and I have always since been able to sing the model 'G' with scarcely any appreciable variation. This standard 'G' is often very useful.

I doubt not that my readers, who may covet such an accomplishment, will be equally enabled to follow my example, and thus add another testimonial to the value of cultivation. As to 'character,' we clearly perceive that Phillips thought nothing of proclaiming his indefinite notion of pitch.

Alboni possessed one of the fullest and richest contralto voices ever heard of in the musical world. The ease and fluency with which she poured forth a continuous flood of enchanting melody were truly astonishing. It was unhesitatingly admitted that in her own time, and for two or three generations, no one approached her for power and volume of tone.

I heard her on her second appearance in England, when she performed with Grisi in the popular opera of 'Semiramide.' The young and highly-endowed vocalist appeared to be somewhat nervous when confronting almost for the first time such a crowded and critical audience as that which assembled to greet her. This timidity imparted to her voice a slight tremulousness, which, however, added to the general effect when she slowly approached the haughty and tyrannical queen of the drama. After a few of her wonderful tones had been heard, and she had recovered her voice and self-possession, the house was convinced that seldom had such an artist presented herself to the public; her exceptional gifts were cheerfully

acknowledged; her position was already assured, and she fully retained it during her ensuing successful career.

Though of a buoyant and cheerful disposition as an artist before the public, she was unpretending and generous, and thus she soon received a rare amount of public favour and general applause. As an instance of this modesty, it is said that she visited the noted old maestro, Rossini; and when he wonderingly inquired what such a clever artist desired of him, she, with much simplicity, replied, 'I wish you to teach me how to "chant"!' Truly a remarkable case of youthful deference to an experienced and popular composer.

Like her ponderous brother artist, Herr Formes, for a short time she seemed to be in danger of obtaining a scholarship in a certain musical 'School of Correction,' appointed for those who forsake their own favoured path in art, and wander forth into walks for which nature never intended them. This superlative contralto positively appeared as Amina, in 'Sonnambula,' and sang the soprano music.

Those who have heard the 'great' singer at a concert, or have seen a portrait of the hearty, blooming dame, will easily imagine that the broken bridge scene in the opera was doubly and trebly exciting, owing to somnolent and other weighty reasons.

No one had doubted her remarkable compass, and the effort met with a certain amount of success, but her best friends and admirers knew only too well that contralto music was her forte, and that she deserved a mild reproof for neglecting her natural task, and overlooking her own marvellous and special qualifications. This peculiar whim fortunately lasted but a short time, and the illustrious contralto retired from the stage with her powers unimpaired, amid tokens of esteem and general regret.

When Herr Formes first came before the public, his weird appearance and his tremendous voice fairly took his audiences by storm. For massive ruggedness and volume of tone, probably no singer ever exceeded him. In the music of 'Caspar,' 'Zauberflöte,' and the 'Wal-

purgis Night,' he surpassed all his contemporaries. Against the entire force of band and chorus in Mendelssohn's work, no singer ever struggled and triumphed so successfully. It was indeed a stupendous exertion of vocal power. That wonderful 'B' in his scale was as surprising for a bass as Braham's grand note of the same pitch was for a tenor

We had heard the refined and sympathetic Staudigl, and the powerful mellowness of gigantic Lablache, but Formes stood alone in certain wild and impressive characters, which required extraordinary force and energy.

Unfortunately, as I previously hinted, Formes did not strictly adhere to this great and massive department. For a longer period than Alboni, he chose to sing in parts which did not display the best notes of his voice. As in the case of Alboni, his compass was great, but of course both shone to the greatest advantage when their natural notes were chiefly developed, as might have been reasonably anticipated.

As characters for a deep bass voice are limited

in number, an occasional departure might have been tolerated. But so far did this 'aberration' proceed, that even in operas where two bass parts existed, Formes was sometimes so ill-advised as to select the higher instead of the lower range.

Thus his voice, instead of refining and polishing by the legitimate use of a magnificent organ, became strained and weakened by such injudicious experiments. These facts are mentioned as a warning to younger artists.

The first duty of a vocalist should be to ascertain the extent and character of his own particular gifts, and then to cultivate them to the utmost of his power. In music, as in other matters, it is sometimes the wiser course to be contented with the safe 'Here, at home,' instead of indulging in visionary yearnings for 'Elsewhere, at sea.'

Had Formes been content to abide in his stately, impregnable 'home,' his voice would have been preserved and refined, his fame and fortune increased, and he would have left behind him a name and reputation as a basso-

profundo unsurpassed, if not unequaled, in the history of music.

If we banish from our minds the results of these 'divided counsels,' and think chiefly of his most vigorous efforts, the impression then created will not soon be effaced.

In stately and classical dramas Mr. Vandenhoff was excelled by no other actor of his own time, and he was but rarely approached by anyone in his particular walk of art. If he did not always obtain the rapturous applause of the many, he invariably secured the admiration of experienced judges. In fact, his conceptions were so admirably pure and lofty that he seemed to be more adapted for a university and scholastic audience than for one composed of more popular elements.

In pieces like 'Antigone' he moved like an ancient noble Roman or Grecian, as if calmly conscious of power and superior intelligence. His equally classic daughter ably and affectionately seconded his efforts, and in various sublime and elevated works they combined to

produce a profound and lasting impression. A full, rich voice and refined elocution added to the charm which resulted from his performances.

Vandenhoff was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and a medical friend of mine was a schoolfellow with him at Stoneyhurst College. This kind of education, of a classical character, no doubt greatly assisted his masterly interpretations. There was no rant, raving, or exaggeration ; all seemed to be dignified, composed, and majestic ; and, when he retired from the stage, it was felt that a vacancy had been left which has never since been occupied.

Like many other thoughtful men, he was subject to a special trivial weakness, and his particular mania consisted in a dislike to a certain animal. Puss was his especial enemy. If one of this tribe had appeared behind the scenes, the proud stage warrior would have been suddenly unnerved.

On one occasion a banquet was given in honour of the greatly respected artist. Strict injunctions were issued to prevent a cat-

astrophe. The animals were carefully looked after, as the actor's weakness was known to his friends. One active specimen of the feline race was locked in a cupboard, so anxious were the friends and servants to avoid annoying the sensitive artist. But the fates were against him. Something was wanting for the table from this terrible Bluebeard closet ; a servant, not in the secret, unlocked the door, and out bounced her ladyship, rather more lively than usual after her seclusion. Having taken a due amount of exercise, puss became calmer ; but the climax was reached when she gracefully skipped on to Vandenhoff's knee, curling her tail quietly around her, and coolly surveying the silent company, as if very proud of her gratuitous performance ; perhaps she preferred an immoveable perch. The affair now became ridiculously serious. Vandenhoff turned at once pale as a statue, and drops of perspiration appeared on his brow. Such are the small infirmities which disturb noble minds. One man's pet is another man's terror.

Madam was finally secured and removed to a

safer prison, but perfect harmony was not restored for a considerable time, as the astonished guests could with difficulty stifle their conflicting emotions, both regretful and laughable. The tragical comedy, and Vandenhoff's positive fear, were never forgotten by those who were present.

It would be interesting to learn the causes of these extraordinary antipathies, and how many of them have been partially or totally conquered by the judicious management of friends or the firm resolution of the sufferers themselves.

If Vandenhoff had been sent to the 'school of correction,' no doubt great tact and tenderness would have been requisite on the part of the masters.

Napoleon was once found with his sword drawn, in a state of great alarm, fighting and thrusting at a 'terrible' feline enemy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Appreciation—Cambridge Guides—The Dons—Their Occupation—Supply of Genius—Hobbes—Liszt—Critics—Music Transposed—Strange Effect—Value of Pictures—Known or Unknown—A Timid Brewer—A Noted Town Clerk—Dread of Pilch—His Fatal Bowling—Stout Singing-Men—A Lofty ‘D’—Unanimous Verdict—A Favourite Melody—An Early Copy—Montaigne—Duties of Women—Monsieur’s Composure—Ancient Robbers—No Remedy—‘The Farmer’s Boy’—Lalla Rookh—Cut Up—A Little Bird—A Fair System of Equality—Contemplation—Revolving Circles—Ideas Revealed Mysteriously—Montaigne—Tupper Martini Philosophy.

I PROPOSE to say a few words on the delicate subject of appreciation, which depends so very much upon the critic’s peculiar ‘standpoint’ and his ascertained grade of perceptive ability.

The ‘guides’ of Cambridge seemed to be very often men of ‘stable minds.’ I am not

aware of any particular reason for these instances of 'natural selection' or self-assumed authority, but the fact was apparent and indubitable. An admiring visitor, after viewing a number of striking curiosities, paused before certain rooms which were occupied by the college authorities.

'Well, and who live there?' said the stranger.

(A student would have surprised the visitor by saying 'keep' instead of 'live.')

'The dons, sir, as they call them here.'

'Good, and what do *they* do?'

'Do, sir, they are fellows!'

Here we perceive a great gulf opened. Men like Willis, Sedgwick, and Whewell, to whom I have formerly alluded, were manifestly speculative idlers who were humanely allowed, by an unaccountable laxity and mistaken generosity, to pursue their 'unpractical' experiments to the sublime consternation of inferior minds. The ostler was one of a very small band of men who say:—'When genius is wanted in any department, it will "come."'

I fancy that Hobbes, who undertook the

‘necessitarian’ department, and lectured the world in rather a positive manner, unconsciously shook hands with our northern theologians, though doubtless he would have most scornfully repudiated any such accusation.

I once read in a German periodical an account of a practical joke played by the greatest pianist of our time, Liszt, when quite a young man. He slyly wished to try the mettle of the critical tribe, and ascertain their positive competence for the office they had undertaken to fill. In the programme he inserted a grand but then little known masterpiece of Beethoven and one of his own youthful compositions; but, as odd things occur in German youthful circles as well as at Cambridge, he mischievously changed the composers’ names, so that Liszt was supposed to have written the ‘masterpiece,’ and Beethoven stood as an unconscious sponsor for the new production. The result was most edifying and instructive. Liszt’s boyish effort was declared infallibly to be the very climax of all that was majestic and inspired, and unmistakably the outcome of a lifelong experience;

while poor Beethoven's music was the doubtful work of a clever but rather ambitious young man, who might perhaps, with diligence and a large amount of continued practice in the art, present to the world specimens of his skill in a more satisfying and acceptable form. I fancy that Liszt appreciated the joke and the critical ability thus brought to light.

Many years ago several pictures painted by celebrated artists were stolen, but fortunately not destroyed like the notorious case of Gainsborough's portrait. Various 'judges' of considerable standing in the art-world were appealed to by intending purchasers, and their 'artistic' verdict was patiently waited for. It came at last in nearly the following words:—

'You can safely offer the sum of ten pounds for each picture!'

On the question of appreciating your opponents, many strange tales have been told. We have read of a gigantic brewer who had almost annihilated an insolent fellow in the street, when a friend whispered in his ear:—'Bravo,

you are thrashing the champion.' After this, a truce was proclaimed, as all hope of an ultimate victory was abandoned.

A venerable solicitor mentioned to me the case of a rising young barrister who was rapidly triumphing over an experienced witness in a parliamentary case. During a pause, some one congratulated the talented aspirant, informing him that his opponent was a noted town-clerk. In the subsequent combat, Mr. Clerk resumed his ancient supremacy.

I once saw a match in which Pilch was 'given' to a rather good side, but his bowling abilities were greatly exaggerated in the minds of the 'enemy.' Luckily for the cricket world, he never pretended to bowl, except in an easy, old-fashioned, trundling style, his hand rising to about the height of his hips. Matters seemed at a deadlock, and Pilch, perhaps for the first time in his life, laughingly consented to undertake the task. His 'foreign' opponents knew nothing of him except his wonderful batting powers, and judged his bowling capabilities by this remarkable standard. On this occasion,

almost as a joke, he raised his arm nearly to a 'windmill' height; the bowling would have been ridiculous from an unknown cricketer, but his name was sufficient, and the wickets fell, as we say, just like ninepins. Pilch could scarcely proceed, owing to frequent fits of laughter.

Thus we find that much often depends upon age, country, and supposed reputation, and that critics like other men, may be influenced by prejudice and circumstances, as in the case of Liszt.

I will give an instance of Cambridge criticism which it is much more agreeable to contemplate, as it is often very difficult to obtain an opinion of a perfectly unobjectionable character. In one of Mr. Pratt's 'arrangements' a solo from a good master was thought to be rather weak, and not displaying much attractive merit. Professor Walmisley brought to our college rehearsal a manuscript solo for the alto singer, who was one of the immortal 'stout singing men,' so humorously depicted by Peacock in his instructive and interesting book. Now we, like most contemporary critics, were not to be

suddenly entrapped into raptures by new compositions, especially if they came from neighbours and friends. We battled valiantly for our talented Professor in a lofty and general way, but we had made up our minds that this new piece of music came from his particular desk, and it must therefore undergo a most careful scrutiny for a length of time. This fair kind of caution is a great blessing to art, as it prevents our favourite 'local celebrities' from becoming serious public nuisances, and our Toms and Georges from being worshiped as superlative heroes. I say not a word against such a course if it be not carried to an unreasonable extent.

The alto possessed a very sweet voice and a most sensitive ear, so much so that his broad face was often nothing but a series of painful wrinkles, betokening in him, as in too many others, a dubious mixture of delight and affliction. He sang with great purity of voice up to the higher 'D,' and if it had been an imperative necessity that a male alto should sing at a festival, I should perhaps have preferred his

efforts to those of Terrail, though the latter may have possessed a little more power.

While speaking of this member of the 'Decani' side, I may correct an impression which might arise from a perusal of Peacock's work, to the effect that all the lay-clerks at Cambridge and Ely were corpulent individuals. Fortunately the tenor, a very modest and gentlemanly man, with an even and agreeable voice, was most reasonable in his width of person, or the then allotted space would have been found insufficient. As it was, the tenor stood like a quiet capital 'I' between two very round capital 'O's,' thus: O I O.

The new composition was tried over and cautiously approved of. The alto, however, wished it to be transposed just a tone lower, so that his high note might be 'C' instead of 'D.' This course was adopted, but only at rehearsal. We all knew that this high 'D' could be well and truly sung, and in chapel the original key was resorted to. Stout Mr. Alto knew much more than the difference between C and D when the first chord was sounded, and he did, indeed, hesitate for a moment, but, seeing that no

choice was left between a fiasco and progress, he dashed in with all his weight among the musical waves, and sang it better than I ever heard any other male alto.

The vocal effort was declared to be perfectly satisfactory, but the composition, though it rather took us by storm, we all considered required full and complete deliberation, or, at least, a dignified appearance of reserve, such as jurors adopt in very serious cases, when their minds are already fully made up. There were no daily telegrams flashing through the country in those bygone, 'benighted' days, as you will very soon perceive. We calmly and judicially heard this solo executed on several occasions, and it seemed to grow upon the hearer as something closely approaching to 'a joy for ever.'

My readers, I think, will applaud both our caution and our verdict when I say that the 'gem' was no other than the melodious 'But the Lord is mindful of His own,' by the then almost unknown composer, Mendelssohn.

I question if at that early time a single printed copy existed in England, and I fancy the

Professor had privately requested such a favour. I always look back to this event as a most consolatory item among the many bills of indictment brought against critics. I can safely assert that not a single 'obstinate jurymen' could anywhere be found. The fact of Mendelssohn's authorship was only revealed to us after several performances.

In another department that amusing and instructive old pedant, Montaigne, seemed to entertain very remarkable views with regard to masculine and feminine duties. Perhaps his form of appreciation may be considered as unique. He actually appeared to think that while women should not by any means be treated as puppets, but on the contrary should be highly and carefully educated, he did also seem to maintain that they were mysteriously connected (in a way not always apparent to observers) with certain important household duties. A messenger, in a state of great consternation, rushed into the old philosopher's study :—

'Monsieur, monsieur, the house is on fire.'
Doubtless the universal instructor completed his

small paragraph, arranged a few thousand scraps, and then calmly replied:—'That is my wife's affair!' Now, exaggeration is the thief of sense, and we offer no lengthened excuse for such behaviour, seeing that instead of enjoying his 'own fire-side,' after the approved example of giddy Sheridan, he might, by a melancholy want of decision, in time become part of the domestic conflagration. I have a special grudge against Montaigne, because he 'borrowed' several of my 'original' ideas; yet where is my remedy? The 'Farmer's Boy' would, I am sure, sympathise with me. It was proved that the 'boy' never read certain classics in either Latin or English, yet these ancient 'pirates' had actually dared to anticipate him. They crowd on to our common pastures and rejoice as on old May-Day to devour every blade of verdant grass. Clearly Parliament must be appealed to. I planned, more than forty years ago, a few very nice illustrations, and before I had read a single line of Montaigne. I imagined two respectable and well-behaved balloons high up in the air. I mentally placed a plank to connect these

balloons, and I thought it highly probable that a man would fall from this plank, and yet might safely perform a similar operation near the earth. There it was, distinctly appropriated in the works of Montaigne. I admit that he did not steal my balloons. Many such instances have occurred. I have seen 'Lalla Rookh' terribly 'cut up' into lines and half lines by a learned and murderous critic, who more or less confirmed most of his charges by wading through a library of ancient and modern authors. I doubt if Thomas Moore had read one half of these volumes; yet where could he seek redress? What is the use of preaching about equality and fair-play while these inequalities exist. Few men of any recognised position would consciously borrow one important line, knowing well enough that they might at any moment be put in the pillory. I believe that a 'little bird' does tap at our windows and offer us ideas. Why does he not mark them as 'registered'? It is clear that there can be no real 'equality' until all men are fairly and honestly born at one time.

It is a positive fact that a few years ago,

during a contemplative half-hour, I was thinking of Professor Willis and his saw-toothed circles. I applied the notion to political movement. First, an ugly, rugged state of stagnation ; then I thought that a moderate 'pace' would bring out the beautiful and harmonious colours ; still further, a wild form of 'revolution' would resolve all into a miserable and colourless drab.

A week or two after these cogitations, I saw by mere chance the self-same ideas worked out in a magazine, I forget which, and almost word for word as I had arranged the illustration ; yet I had neither written nor spoken one word on the subject.

The quaint mosaics of Montaigne have been fancifully classified as a laborious, glittering rope of sand, translated into Latin from the 'Tupper-Martini Philosophy' on 'The Utility of Small Shot.' However, as my space is very nearly exhausted, I cannot further pursue the subject, but must adopt this very theory for a time, or a string of odd trifles will inevitably be lost to the world.

Many of them will 'pale their ineffectual fires' on paper, but they shine like dazzling diamonds in the vista of memory.

CHAPTER XXV.

The 'Red Lion'—Concerts—Sterndale Bennett—Lucas—Mr. Pickwick—Queen Adelaide—An Investigating Prince—Blagrove's Forgetfulness—The Prince Convinced—Strict Education—Modern Young Rogues—Stately Grandmothers—Drooping Tenors—Delicate Appetites—Lindley's Joke—Preferential Payments.

A FAMOUS musical meeting-place was the 'Red Lion' at Cambridge. Here used young Sterndale Bennett, Lucas, Mori, Richardson, and others to appear, and exhibit their powers and promise of future fame. Bennett, Richardson, and, if I remember rightly, young Mori wore the 'nautical' Academy dress. Bennett played sometimes 'impossible' pieces by Moscheles,—the 'Fall of Paris' and other compositions, almost 'written down' to the boarding school

level by the learned and accomplished teacher and musician, when very high-class music was not greatly coveted by popular and miscellaneous audiences.

Long, long afterwards, when Bennett was reminded of these boyish times, he was for a moment almost overcome. Then, gradually recovering, he said, in an ecstasy of emotion, 'Ah! those were, indeed, happy days.' It will wound no one now, if I say that Bennett's early years were by no means devoid of care and anxiety. He gladly wrote exercises for lazy musical students, receiving for such labour a limited number of pence. If this should reach the ears of our many millionaires, they may blushinglly endeavour to prevent the recurrence of such painful events by aiding the cause so perseveringly advocated by our earnest and artistic royal princes.

I must try to remember a few of these trifles, and my readers will bear in mind that many clever musicians seem to be little more than innocent children all their lives. I have known many such.

I joined a merry circle of this kind once at the noted 'Red Lion.' The grimly kind, earnest, and excitable younger Lindley sat in a corner, half smiling at distant intervals, when the more jocular part of humanity said or did something grotesque. Lindley told us, with mingled pain and delight, that he had been trying over a concerto, performed by his father when but twelve years of age; and then added, in a savagely humorous manner, 'I shall never play it as long as I live.' Yet he was no mean follower in his noted father's footsteps. The reader ought to have *seen* these 'school-boys' in order to fully appreciate the comedy.

I have no time for a portrait of the younger, 'one-joke' Lindley. You must imagine Ossian playing a violoncello concerto, accompanied on the pianoforte by Victor Hugo, in a state of feverish excitement. The first words I heard came from Lucas—'Charlie, ring the bell,' uttered with the imperious frankness of a lengthened attachment. Charlie did as he was 'commanded;' and then, assuming an air of obsequious solicitation, he approached the 'com-

mander,' and said, 'Please, remember the waiter, sir,' meekly pulling, I cannot say a forelock, well, perhaps, an eyebrow.

One of them was afterwards named Mr. Pickwick, though I believe that the literary hero was not in existence at the period I allude to.

Mr. Pickwick told us a very quaint story respecting certain court circles. Queen Adelaide was not only an amiable lady, but she appreciated the arts, and particularly music. She engaged a select band of excellent players, and Mr. Pickwick was leader. Young Henry Blagrove at that time played the viola, at least in this band, though doubtless he chiefly practised the violin, on which he became such a well-known proficient.

Blagrove sometimes exhibited a rather dreamy and forgetful expression of face, and, in addition to this, on one occasion he positively appeared before the court minus his bow, just as the grand performance was about to commence. A royal and very youthful prince quietly went up to Mr. Pickwick, and, addressing him by name,

added, 'What is the matter with Mr. Blagrove? He appears to be unwell; and, besides that, he has brought no bow with him.' The young prince early displayed a talent for investigation. The ever-ready Mr. Pickwick soon found a reply: 'We will make it all right, sir. Mr. Blagrove shall play pizzicato!' The noble youth retired, perfectly convinced and contented. I may tell my unmusical readers that the term implies transforming the fiddle into a guitar, and twanging all the semi and demi-semiquavers in a most frantic and impossible manner. That investigating young prince is the present Duke of Cambridge. I am sure that his father could have taught him much about music, and probably did so, without, however, proceeding quite so far as the mysterious 'pizzicato.'

Much amusement was created by recalling Bennett's appearance as a 'page' in an amateur theatrical performance. His absorbed and grotesque attitudes and his mistakes served to point an allusion for many a year. This failure in a new and rather difficult path might be easily accounted for in various ways. His cir-

cumstances in youth were by no means calculated to inspire him with mirth and confidence. In addition to this, boys at that time, and much less girls, never thought of expressing their dramatic sentiments in public with anything like fervour or romantic action. A boy who had done so, would have been voted a 'prig.' Many youths really felt the needful emotion inwardly, but none dared to openly demonstrate the same.

The present generation can form no idea of the reserve and shyness then manifested by youngsters. A child generally entered a room, perhaps with a small finger in his mouth, and behaved as if he were apologising for his very existence. As to dramatic interpretation, it was a long time before I was fully aware that to 'bay the moon' was not connected with some kind of obedience, as I made no inquiries on the subject. Though our fathers had enjoyed to the utmost all the raptures of the stage, their children were taught to abhor such practices as utterly unworthy of any consideration.

To see some of our young, roguish damsels,

with corked moustaches and 'swellish' habiliments, conveying to their elders an astonishing amount of knowledge as to the 'winning' ways of man to woman, to watch their sly winks and persuasive attitudes, would indeed surprise their stately old grandmothers, if these could witness such knowing pranks. No doubt this freedom from unnatural restraint, when confined within moderate bounds, has rendered society, and amateur theatricals especially, much more agreeable and satisfactory. Even our professional operatic tenors used to look so helplessly miserable, and address their fair ones in such melancholy drooping tones, that the audience seemed to wonder sometimes why the persecuted heroines did not proceed to administer personal chastisement; for even on the stage, in music at least, the girls often seemed, as we say in common language, to have 'very much the best of it.'

In former times when 'strangers' were expected, it was fully understood that 'young ladies' would indulge in a rather hearty meal before they appeared at the serious, ceremonious

dinner; so that a delicate, Byronic appetite might be artistically manifested. Thus were artificial compliments very generally paid by hunger and fashion, and a polished kind of hypocrisy seemed to be the order of the day.

Before I quit the cosy 'Red Lion,' perhaps for ever, I must relate a trivial and yet characteristic remark made by the taciturn younger Lindley, which was about the only one he condescended to utter in the jocular way. Probably he was mentally rehearsing the famous paternal concerto, after the manner of the immortal 'Guage.' You must still suppose the 'cellist to be fixed in his corner. Mr. Pickwick, in his genial, boyish way, presented a very abstruse problem to the party: 'I could never see why these 'cello people should be paid at festivals the enormous sum of two pounds more than we small fiddlers receive.'

This was evidently intended for Lindley. The thunder-clap was overwhelming; no attempt was made to patch up a defence. There was a dead silence while the jury sat upon the awful question. At last the Ossianic instru-

mentalist established his fame for evermore by a single effort, completely demolishing Mr. Pickwick and all his sayings by muttering, in a tone of growling comicality, 'You quite forget there is the "keep" of the instrument.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

Great Quartet Parties—Dragonetti as First Violin—Derby
 —Young Conspirators—Trio in the Open Air—Sulphuric Treatment—Yeast—Disappearance of Puss—Cruelty—The Daughter—Derbyshire Weapons—Sir George Smart Wounded—Cambridge Madrigal Society ‘Drop, drop’—Porson’s Appearance—A Circassian Clergyman—Lichfield—Dr. Johnson—A Book Missing—Jewish Priest—Book Restored—A Latin Gentleman—A French Conundrum—Adieu.

WHEN the before-named and other excellent players assembled at our great provincial festivals, they were sure to form one or two charming stringed quartet parties, even after all the pleasant fatigues of the day. Musicians of every class delight to render homage to this exquisite form of musical expression—the very highest, in fact, as regards refinement, grace,

and the power of affording unsullied enjoyment in the realms of fruitful imagination. Hospitable houses were joyfully opened, in order to partake of such celestial fare. At Derby one family of this kind was well known in the musical world; the members are alluded to in Gardiner's quaint and interesting volumes, where you may also see most of the varied strains of feathered warblers set down in musical notation, with many other entertaining observations.

At this noted house would Dragonetti astonish and delight his grateful hearers by playing, as a masterly joke, the first violin part on his ponderous double bass. Father Lindley would take a part on his darling violoncello; listening with intense admiration to his wonderful companion's performance. I think the veteran, Mr. Ella, who has done so much for high-class music in London, could add a few notes in confirmation of this statement. The family consisted of an eccentric, musical father and three clever sons, also brought up to the musical profession. Two of these might have been

educated in the most mischievous circles of Cambridge life. They always selected a copy for the renowned Dragonetti, and placed it unobserved on the great player's desk.

Then a little demur would be made as to the soft impeachment, until Dragonetti was compelled to gratify the unanimous wish. Lindley, without the least impatience, seemed most willing to join on these remarkable terms, even to a time when all but enthusiastic musicians would wish to be at rest.

Dragonetti thus played much of the older music with perfect success. On one occasion, however, the young rogues placed a new and very difficult first violin part before him, belonging to one of Spohr's elegant quartets. This was too much for the extraordinary performer. He became quite excited in a small way, exclaiming, in his imperfect English, 'Now, who has done dis?' The delinquent, however, was not immediately forthcoming, and a work of Mozart's was quietly substituted. These were marvellous exhibitions of talent and gigantic amusement, only to be met with

and tolerated among the highest ranks of skilful and accomplished artists.

The eldest son of the host was a remarkable pianist at a time when not very many native musicians possessed similar abilities. When he came of age, he played all 'Cramer's Studio' from memory, and without one single stoppage or flaw. He transposed two pieces by mistake. As a reward for this performance, which was uncommon at that time, his father presented him with a grand pianoforte. He could play almost any chamber-music easily at sight, and a short time after this period of which I am writing, when newly-published works of Hummel and others were suddenly placed before him, he went through the ordeal to the satisfaction of everyone. This opinion was not merely that of intimate friends. A very clever pianist, Schultze, to whom I formerly alluded, was present on one occasion, and, when the feat of sight-playing was accomplished, he said aloud, in tones of astonishment, and with commendable candour : ' My Got, I would give my ears if I could do dat ! ' On the other side, the

brothers were equally candid, and volunteered the statement that, when Schultze had once mastered the music, he would 'put more into it than their relation was able to do.' Thus true and distinguished talent was fairly rewarded and honoured on both sides.

The father was a most remarkable character; such a one would have been worth a fortune to an ingenious novel-writer. The few particulars I shall give will appear stranger than almost any fiction which I ever read on similar topics. They are in no way exaggerated, and I have seen written evidence in the chief actor's handwriting, which was unexpectedly discovered, fully confirming the nearly incredible reports.

Mr. Worrit, as I will call him, was as thin, elastic, and vigorous as another Paganini. He became an engine of torture to himself and all those around him. His sharp, vixenish features, as depicted in his portrait, would at once declare to you the character of the man. He built a large and excellent music-room, and in this 'den' were his children confined day after day, with but one single half-hour for youthful

recreation. We think of poor little Mozart and his juvenile troubles.

Musical 'scales' are often neglected, more or less, by artists and amateurs. I have heard very great performers charged with playing arpeggios better than scales. Worrit, a rare exception, went to the other extreme, and to an almost useless degree. He walked about for many hours at a time, practising nothing but these interminable scales in all the various keys both major and minor, and yet he scarcely ever attempted a regular piece of music; so eccentric and domineering was he in every respect.

He would hunt one kind of torture, as it were, to death, and then proceed to invent another in a different department. When these were exhausted, he would immediately attack a third form of horror, and lastly, when there were no more detached worlds of misery to conquer, he would heroically combine all three enemies in one adverse band, and endeavour, as we say, to kill three Goliaths with a single stone. He walked for a long time on tip-toe, in order to improve his muscular powers; he grasped one hand with

the other, pressing all the fingers down tightly except that 'prodigal son' called the third, which was exercised with all kinds of independent contortions, in order to conquer this weak and unruly member, which is so often 'blessed' by studious musicians. Then he had a small volume of 'exquisite' vocal exercises of different intervals, sung to the vowels 'A I' to impart flexibility to his voice. I deemed the tales to be somewhat exaggerated until I saw this horrible book, written in an old-fashioned, cramped and crowded handwriting. The book, his portrait, and further inquiries fully convinced me as to his inquisitorial capabilities.

As I have implied, when he was completely master of these obstacles singly, his immediate desire was to play this marvellous triple concerto all by himself. One day, in his absence, his sons had 'played truant,' and they were gaily enjoying their trip in the country. Suddenly well-known and awful sounds reached their ears; they heard from behind a hedge unmistakably the infernal 'ah-e, ah-e.' 'By George, here's the governor!' one of them ex-

claimed, in a voice of fear and amazement; and there he was, sure enough, on horseback, proceeding at a deliberate pace, slightly raised in the saddle, resting his 'tiptoes' on the stirrups, energetically drilling the rebellious third fingers, and uttering, with delightful self-satisfaction, the angelic melodies formed from the 'ai, ai,' materials. This sketch, which is not in the least degree overdrawn, would appear, I believe, as absolute fiction if related in a novel. We can imagine the torment experienced by the suffering inmates of that 'haunted' house. It is a comfort to know that the youngsters often managed to escape during the old tyrant's absence, and enjoy a considerable amount of needful juvenile fun; otherwise the picture would be only too painful to dwell upon.

When the 'triple concerto' had been sufficiently indulged in, a refuge would be found in medicinal matters. At one time he would extol the virtues of a not unknown composition, consisting of a mixture of sulphuric and saccharine elements. Children and servants would be daily assembled, ordered to stand in a row, and re-

ceive a 'nice dose' from a rather large spoon. This military doctoring was actually practised when the offspring were almost of age, and, what is more, one of this persecuted army was positively a girl.

At another time the favourite medicine would be yeast, which was to prove a perfect panacea for all the ills of mortal man, not forgetting mortal animals generally.

Worrit daily drilled his battalion of male and female warriors, and these were of course compelled to obey, but he was not yet perfectly content; he would insist upon 'benefiting' even poor puss. Her fastidious ladyship strongly objected, as may easily be imagined, and she distinctly refused to partake of this luxury. Worrit, however, was not accustomed to be thwarted; he judiciously reviewed the various pros and cons, and then resolved, as puss continued insanely to decline an internal application, he would administer an external coating of the frothy production. This he actually did, and with such a liberal expenditure of labour and liquid that puss very soon departed and

returned no more to that 'comfortable' home. The juveniles doubtless envied her liberty of action.

As I mentioned the custom of youthful evasion which was practised whenever possible by the spirited youngsters, we may laugh at the self-inflicted tortures of this musical martinet; but, if the smallest shred of sympathy should remain in the minds of my readers, I must, as an honest historian, deprive them of this pleasure. The daughter was a very gentle and amiable girl, and, when she had arrived almost at the age of womanhood, and had committed a trifling musical fault, this 'Quilp'-like despot actually struck her with his 'fatherly' hand. One of the sons could endure such conduct no longer. He interfered, dared to threaten his tyrannical parent, and very soon afterwards left the house, never more to abide in this lunatic asylum.

The daughter became the wife of a captain in the army, and died when comparatively young.

As I watched a crowd of 'quietly' dressed

people returning from an 'Arboretum Fête,' I noticed a number of bright eyes and some very clear complexions. These and other feminine weapons made terrible havoc in our 'organic' and musical world generally. The great little Marlborough of music, Sir George Smart himself, was helplessly enthralled by one of these Derbyshire dames.

I must certainly run up to Cambridge, if only for a short time, just to bid my indulgent readers good-bye.

We enjoyed many pleasant meetings of the Madrigal Society, which were held at the excellent and home-like 'Bull Hotel.' Here I first heard the then new composition, 'Great god of Love,' by Pearsall, and Walmisley's 'Flow, oh, my tears.' These, like Dr. Crotch's 'Methinks I hear,' in a somewhat kindred school, are fine specimens of the solid English style. The detached chords on a pedal bass to the words, 'Drop, drop,' in Walmisley's madrigal are particularly effective.

While we are waiting for the conductor,

scraps like the following are thankfully received. It was said that, ages ago, a coach used to stop at, or start from, this well-known hotel. A constant passenger on this coach seldom carried any luggage with him, but on one unfortunate occasion he exceeded the arbitrary rule, and was taxed accordingly. His appeal to averages availed nothing; he paid, and vowed revenge. He had a fifty-six pound weight neatly packed up, and on his many journeys this 'parcel' always accompanied him, to the great chagrin of a certain coachman. The idea should not be lost sight of. After many debates, a compromise was effected.

Who was the first despotic Mede or Persian that dared to point this offensive fifty-six pounder at every tourist, whether he was going to the North Pole or to Saffron Walden? I mention this latter place in connection with weight, because, to a man accustomed to the gentle slopes near Holmfirth and other Yorkshire districts, the ascent to the eastern town is perfectly appalling. The aforesaid tyrant,

if discovered, would certainly be placed in a Horrible Chamber.

I once alluded to Porson's appearance. Like other notables, he was evidently not fully appreciated in his early days, as will be seen.

'I can assure you, Porson is an excellent Latin scholar and a very tidy Grecian.'

'It may be so; but he is, undoubtedly, a very untidy Englishman.'

Much depends upon externals. It used to be said, 'You first consider a man's dress, and then his address.'

I have now to sketch a tall, thin, pale young clergyman, with pinky-white hair, looking like a washed-out Circassian, rather abstracted, and always inquiring for something.

He and a friend were at Lichfield, and of course they asked about Dr. Johnson. 'Could they see his house?' It was thought that they could. They were directed to the supposed place, and a servant appeared.

'Is this Dr. Johnson's house?'

'Yes, sir, but you can't see him; he's just gone out!'

If my reader could imagine the ghostly, vacant figure and the startled maid-servant, he would wonder who was the more alarmed of the two performers. I believe that a medical practitioner occupied the house in question.

A large, good-natured schoolboy was very fond of comparisons, which seemed to indicate his peculiar 'mission.' He innocently wrote to a well-known musical editor something like the following :

'Please tell me, in your next, who is the better player, Miss A. Goddard or Mr. C. Hallé.'

For very good reasons, Mr. Editor evaded the question, but the reply was so neat and effective that, when the young enthusiast learned all the odd circumstances, editorial and otherwise, he could no longer refrain, as a loyal comedian, from betraying the secret and his own epistolary shortcomings. The reply was as follows :

'We cannot undertake to decide between the two pianists. *Arabella is spelt with one "R."*'

I once missed one of my classical books from my bachelor apartments. I made many in-

quiries, but in vain. Beneath me was a Jewish priest, as a fellow lodger. At certain times, he poured forth an amazing flood of baritone melody, not unworthy of the renowned Tamburini. Naturally, we exchanged 'notes' of various kinds—doubtless to our mutual edification—but our intimacy extended no further. Still I could not hear of my book. At last it was slyly returned, and, after a time, I insisted upon knowing the circumstances.

‘Well, sir, I saw that it was in a foreign language, and so I left it in the room below.’

‘The book is my own property.’

‘I am very sorry, sir, but I made sure it was the foreign gentleman’s.’

‘Why so?’

‘Because his name was stamped on the back.’

The author was a Latin gentleman who lived many years ago, and was named LIVY.

At length the final word must be spoken, and yet I almost shrink from the task. I will therefore shelter myself under the veil of a delicate, French, sentimental conundrum.

My first is the smallest; my second is the greatest, and the entire word can never be said to a lady—‘Adieu.’

THE END.

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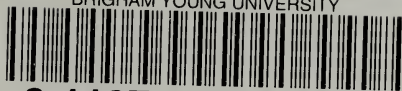
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